The Massillon Independent.

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R. W. McCAUGHEY, Attorney at Law, office over Dielhelm's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

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WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law. Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

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Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M.
2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
7 P. M. to 9 P. M.
Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barrick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence Charles and Hill street, near Methodist church.

H. C. ROYER, M. D
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Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.
12 M. to 2 P. M.
5 P. M. to 7 P. M.
Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.. Office open day and night.

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MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 352 Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and State streets.

A HORRIBLE DISASTER.

A TRAIN PLUNGES FROM A BRIDGE INTO WHITE RIVER.

The Cars Ignite, and, Together With the Bridge, are Consumed — Passengers Crushed to Death, Burned to a Crisp or Frozen—List of Dead and Wounded.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., Feb. 7.—The express which left Springfield, Mass., at 8 o'clock Friday night, bound for Montreal, when near Woodstock, about 1 o'clock Saturday morning ran off the bride at that place and two sleepers and two passengers coaches, full of passengers, fell into the gorge, a distance of sixty feet. The cars and bridge at once caught fire, the latter being entirely consumed. The exact number of killed and wounded has not been learned, and will probably never be known to a certainty, as many of those killed were burned up in the wreck and other carried away under the ice.

So far thirty-two charred bodies have been taken from the wreck. All but five of them are beyond identification.

The following is the latest complete list of those who were killed: Miss Nancy Dunbar, of Somerville, Mass.; Mason Mills, of Iroquois, Ont., identified by watch and rings; Smith C. Sturtevant, conductor, of St. Albans, died yesterday; F. L. Wesson, of Springfield, Mass.; S. S. Wescot, of Burlington, and his son; M. R. Burgess, of Boston, conductor of Pullman car; Edward Brocklebanks, known also as Banks, of West Lebanon, N. H., brakeman; Cephas Mills, of Iroquois, Ont.; — Boulanger, of Holyoke, a young girl; Edward C. Dillon, of Springfield, Vt., identified yesterday; A. J. Hammer, of Boston, porter of the St. Albans Pullman; Edward Wilder, of Dayton, O., Charles A. Hebard, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; D. D. Woodward, of Waterbury, Vt., identified yesterday; Charles S. Sanford, of Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Divineau, of Winooski, identified yesterday; Miss Borden, of Nashua, N. H.; Charles E. Donnett, of New York city, traveling for a jewelry firm; John Hadden, colored porter on the sleeper "Pilgrim;" Mr. Cassens; Mr. Stone, hotel keeper, of Montreal; unknown lady in sealskin sacque; three ladies discovered at nightfall; body supposed to be that of a woman, burned beyond recognition; D. Maignet, of Schanegnon, Quebec.

On one side of Main street, Hartford, is a dilapidated low roofed frame building which is used as an improvised morgue and is filled with the victims of the accident. Hundreds of villagers and visitors yesterday sought admission to this house of death, some drawn there by morbid curiosity, and others for the purpose of searching for missing friends and relatives.

Lying on the floor were the remains of about thirty human beings, many being burned beyond recognition. The walls were hung with the clothing of the dead passengers of the ill-fated train, while tables were covered with their personal effects. Ladies' muffs, silk handkerchiefs, sealskin sacques, watches, rings, cuff buttons, books and various other valuables, make up the pile of recovered effects.

Among the property recovered which may serve as clews for identification are the remains of a chinchilla overcoat, with velvet collar, found on the Boston sleeper, one revolver, nickel-plated, another plain one, nickel-plated and rubber handle, corkscrews, etc. One black flannel dress or overskirt, with a wallet and a sum of money. A check from Boston to Montreal, a watch chain and charm, a thick gaiter boot of fine quality. Besides these is a great quantity of articles which will be examined and catalogued.

Mr. Brodear, of Nashua, came to the morgue to learn the fate of his daughter Delia, who took the passenger coach on Friday night. No clew indicating her fate was found to-day. John Gaudette, of Nashua, is also seeking a brother-in-law. David Dodd, of North Hero, Vt. is also missing.

A Mr. Mott says there were a number of berths not occupied in the car. He went to sleep before reaching White River Junction and did not regain his consciousness until Saturday morning, when he awoke and found himself in a room alone. He has no recollection of going down into the river and being rescued. He is not seriously injured.

Joseph Jacques, of Fitchburg, reports himself as better. James Kiler, of Burke, N. Y., was also better. A. A. Wheeler had severe bruises and his left arm is badly contused. John C. Hutchins, of Nashua, was feeling improved. Howard Smith is better and leaves for the north to-morrow morning. The other wounded persons, with scarcely an exception, are doing as well as could be expected. None of the passengers rescued alive from the wreck have yet died of their injuries. Word was received to-day that Alvin Veasy, of Rutland, found, on his return home, that he had a broken arm.

All requests for information if addressed to Henry E. Tinker, station agent, White River Junction, will receive prompt attention.

Watchmen employed by the railroad company are guarding the wreck to prevent thieving and to preserve relics and means of identification.

Engineer Pierce's statement that he slowed down before reaching the bridge is fully sustained by all the witnesses to the disaster.

Mr. Henry T. Tewksbury, the lecturer, says he was dozing when he was aroused by feeling the bumping on the ties and the car seemed to leap into space and come down with a terrible crash. For a moment he was stunned and hardly knew whether he was dead or alive. He tried to move but found he could not budge an inch. He noticed with great alarm that fire had broken out at the farther end of the car. He struggled with all his strength to free himself and screamed for help. Despite his own anxiety he could not help noticing an old couple a few seats from him, who were tied down by timber while the flames rapidly approached. The last he saw of them they were locked in each others arms and were kissing each other a fond good-by on this earth. Then the smoke and flames enveloped them and hid them from view.

Mr. Tewksbury gave himself up for lost and covered his face with his fur cape to shut out the approaching flames. His hopes of life were suddenly renewed by hearing voices. He threw off the cape and saw the engineer and fireman near by. They answered his frantic calls and tried to pull him out, but failing to do so, were about to leave him, when he begged of them to try again and break his legs if necessary. They did so and managed to get him out by breaking his leg and arm. They were just in time, as the flames had already scorched his clothing.

A farmer living near the scene was awakened by the sharp call for brakes from the locomotive and could distinctly hear the crash of the falling cars on the ice. He hastily dressed and went to the wreck. On nearing it he stumbled over the body of a woman who had been dragged from the wreck and left for dead, and on making an examination found her still alive. He went and got his team and took her to his home and thus saved her life.

Mr. Dunbar, of Boston, came on here and identified the body of his sister, Miss Dunbar, the only means of identification being a swollen finger joint and a peculiar shape of the feet.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Forty-First Day.

In the senate, the credentials of Senators Whitthorne and Sawyer were presented. A bill was introduced appropriating $112,000 and $2,000,000 for the purpose of Ericsson's Destroyer and ten enlarged steel vessels. A resolution was agreed to take the bill for the removal of the limitation on pensions away from the pensions committee and place it before the senate, to be considered next week. The pension office rules were discussed on a resolution of Mr. Plumb. Beck's attorney bill was debated by Mr. Evarts, after which the senate went into executive session. A resolution for daily sessions from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. went over. House amendments to the senate bill for the erection of a public building at Owensboro, Ky., were agreed to, and at 4:45 p. m. the senate adjourned.

In the house a duplicate engrossed copy of the lost Northern Pacific forfeiture bill was received from the senate. The legislative appropriation bill was reported. An adverse report was made on the bill to enable the people to name their postmasters. The bill to provide congressmen with clerks was laid on the table—141 to 105. The pleuro-pneumonia bill was taken up and amended, but without action the house adjourned at 5 p. m.

Forty-Second Day.

In the senate letters were presented from western banks, asking that their cities be added to the list of "reserves." The joint resolutions of the house was reported, with amendments, widening the scope of the Pacific railroad investigation. The senate bill to credit and to pay to the several states all moneys collected under the direct tax of 1861 was passed. The railroad attorneys bill was then taken up and discussed at length. It was finally passed—39 to 14.

In the house, two pension vetoes were received and referred. The trade dollar bill was set for consideration February 12. The private calendar was taken up and several bills passed. At 5 o'clock a recess was taken until 7:30 p. m., the evening session being for the consideration of pension bills.

Forty-Third Day.

In the senate thirty-six private pension bills were passed. The Indian appropriation bill was next passed. The Atlantic & Pacific ship railway bill was taken up and discussed until 5 p. m., when the senate adjourned.

In the house six pension vetoes were received from the president. The senate bill for refunding direct taxes to the states and territories was referred to the judiciary committee. The Fourth of July claims bill was passed, and the consular and diplomatic bill was taken up, and general debate proceeded until adjournment.

Forty-Fourth Day.

In the senate the credentials of Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, were presented. Resolutions of the Kansas legislature were presented for the organization of the territory of Oklahoma. Bills were passed without objection to encourage the manufacture of steel for army ordnance, and for naval warfare, guns and shafting: $21,000,000 are to be expended over a period of six years. Twenty house bills were passed, including an amendment to the act prohibiting the importation of aliens under labor contracts. Eades' Tehuantepec bill was then discussed, Mr. Morgan speaking until near 5 o'clock, when the senate went into executive session, and at 5:50 p. m. adjourned.

In the house a resolution was laid over for one day proposing to make Tuesday, February 15, a special order for Mrs. Logan's pension bill. A motion was lost to suspend the rules and pass the senate bill with an amendment referring private claims to the court of claims. The senate bill for the erection of a public building at Augusta, Ga., was passed. Under suspension of the rules bills were passed granting the right of way through Indian Territory to the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway, appropriating $125,000 for completing the public building at Detroit, and increasing the limit of cost to $300,000 of the public building at Troy, N. Y. At 5:30 p. m. the house adjourned.

Forty-Fifth Day.

In the senate a memorial was received from citizens of New Lebanon, O., asking the intention of negotiations for the acquisition of Canada. A resolution was discussed and then went over, calling for information in regard to the disposition of moneys heretofore appropriated for the survey of public lands in Nevada. A bill was introduced for the purchase of a picture of "Andrew Jackson on Trial Before Judge Hall, in New Orleans, in 1815." House bills on the calendar were taken up and a number passed. At 2 o'clock the Eads bill was submitted, but went over by consent. The house bill regulating the importing and landing of mackerel was discussed at length and without action until 5 p. m. After an executive session of five minutes the senate adjourned.

In the house a bill was passed increasing to $1,500,000 the appropriation for a new public building at Brooklyn, N. Y. A bill was reported for the issue of subsidiary silver coin; also a bill fixing the salaries of the civil service commissioners at $5,000 per annum. The bill abolishing the fee system, and fixing the salaries for United States attorneys, marshals and commissioners, was discussed without action. A bill to protect submarine cables was passed. The bill authorizing the president to arrange for commercial commerce between the United States, Central and South American nations, was taken up. At 5:30 a recess was taken until 7:30 p. m., the evening session being for the delivery of eulogies upon the late Representatives Beach, Dowdney and Arnot, of New York.

Ohio Valley Centennial.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 9.—The common council has authorized the mayor of this city officially to invite the towns and cities of our country, the states of the union, the Federal government and the governments of foreign countries to the centennial exposition of the Ohio valley and Central states to be held in Cincinnati in 1888. The mayor has also been authorized to request Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin each to appoint five commissioners to assist in the organization of the exposition.

The Death Roll.

Christian Koertekrax, one of the founders of Delphos, O., is dead.

David Conger, father of Representative Conger, of Iowa, and a prominent Knight Templar, is dead.

Edward F. Rice, for twenty years in the insurance business in Cincinnati, is dead.

THE STRIKE IS A FAILURE.

TOO MANY MEN OUT OF WORK IS THE CAUSE.

The Country Full of Idle Men Willing to Take the Strikers' Places—Mutiny in a Convict Camp in North Carolina—A Texas Law Enacted Against Strikers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—It is generally believed that the great strike is about to come to an end. The Times says: The fact is the freight handlers' strike is confessed to be a failure even by themselves. They were refused work when they offered to return. The Pennsylvania and Jersey Central probably had the most offers of this kind. Both companies have an unusually mixed class of green hands.

The union boatmen, who struck because they would not handle "scab" coal, although they were satisfied with the price paid them—twenty-five cents a ton—are weakening. They hesitate to abandon the cause of the strikers, but the seventy-five cents a ton now offered is so tempting that those who own boats compromise by making out bills of sale of the boats to a friend. That friend goes to the companies and offers to transport the coal at the ruling rates. Their offers have mostly been refused, the companies preferring, as long as they have got to pay exorbitant rates to pay them to outsiders.

Longshoremen's Union No. 1 met in Brooklyn last night. About 300 men were present. They were decidedly in favor of continuing the fight. The older men, however, expressed their conviction that the men would have to go back before Thursday.

The truth seems to be that the army of unemployed unskilled labor is too large for the strikers to combat, as there are large numbers of green hands coming in every day.

There was considerable activity on the piers of the river front this morning, and freight was being handled with much more dispatch than on any day since the strike. The time that has passed since the longshoremen and freight handlers quit work has enabled the railroad and steamship companies to select, and, in some cases, train sufficient men to keep the freight moving along.

Besides many of the old freight handlers and longshoremen are coming back to work, not at the places where they are known, but where they are least likely to be known. The Maine Steamship company has got most of its old hands back. On the Clyde line pier, 29 East river, there were 200 men waiting for the steamer City of Atlanta to reach the dock. Superintendent Healey said he had all the men he required. The Mallory line dock had resumed its former appearance. Charles Mallory said they were not experiencing any difficulty. The manager at pier No. 40 said that he considered the strike ended so far as it affected their pier. They could get more help than was needed.

Mutiny in a Convict Camp.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 9.—A mutiny took place yesterday at the convict camp four miles from the city. For several weeks these men have been restive, complaining of the hard work imposed on them and the alleged lack of food. During the week past several hardened criminals were added to the gang, and on Saturday night there were evidences of coming trouble.

All day Sunday the men huddled closer together and refused to talk to the guards. When night came and the men were ordered to retire for the night forty men refused to do so. Several officers entered the stockade to reason with the men, when they were met with a fusillade of stones which the convicts had quietly laid in and stored away in a barrel. The officers retired, closed the gates quickly and put on a double watch for the night. The forty rebels sat up all night making night hideous with their curses.

Yesterday morning, when the force was ordered out to work, sixty answered, but the forty still refused. The guards, who only numbered ten, fired over the heads of the men, but cries of defiance were the only reply, the men saying they were not afraid of blank cartridges. Then the guards discharged several volleys directly into the mutinous group, peppering them profusely with birdshot. This brought them to their senses, but not secured for them a place in the hospital instead of on the road. They still declare that they will not work. The guard was greatly enlarged last night.

Coal Operators' Convention.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 9.—Coal miners and operators from every mining section of the country are here in large numbers to-day in response to the call for the annual joint convention which will arrange the scale of prices for the year commencing on May 1. This is the second joint convention of operators and miners which has been held, that of last year having given such general satisfaction that it has been decided to make the convention a permanent annual institution.

The Illinois Miners' union in a private circular issued some months ago, said that through the convention of 1886 and the joint efforts of the established boards several conflicts have been avoided that would otherwise have caused considerable loss to both operators and miners: that the experiment had given much better satisfaction than had been anticipated by its most sanguine friends, and that the prospects were that it would establish peace and prosperity in the mining industry of the land. These sentiments and opinions seem to be unanimously re-echoed by the delegates now here. Besides the question of prices the matter of adopting the eight eight movement is to be considered and acted upon by reference from the Illinois association. A general opinion prevails that the scale of last year will be continued in force.

A Law Enacted Against Strikers.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 9.—The bill to punish by fine not to exceed $500 and imprisonment of not more than six months, any striker who interferes with the lawful employment of another person, passed the senate yesterday with but three dissenting votes.

TRADE REVIEW.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Report as Specially Furnished Up to Date.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—R. G. Dun & Company's review of trade, says: "Panics abroad and strikes at home have tested the strength of all markets during the past week. Thus tested, the markets have shown unexpected steadiness. Probably grain would have risen more had not the great strikes exerted a restraining influence in hindering transportation and checking consumption. The dry goods trade still improves. Woolens are disturbed by treasury decisions and large auction sales. Large job lots of dress goods have been sold at Boston at little more than half last year's prices, and heavy woolens are not sought at any advance. Woolen prices are barely steady. Iron is helped by a revival in ship building and is advancing.

"The consumption of iron last year for the first time exceeds that of Great Britain, being 6,195,421 tons, against 5,405,743 tons in Great Britain. The figures for 1885 were United States, 4,348,844; Great Britain, 5,749,029 tons. Trunk line presidents hold that the interstate commerce bill will render their pool more necessary than ever to fix rates, though prohibited features will be dropped.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Fresh, Crispy Gleanings of Recent Noteworthy Happenings and Events.

It is estimated that $150,000,000 will be required to carry out the provisions of the pending "disability pension bill."

An extensively felt earthquake visited portions of Missouri, Southern Illinois and Indiana, Sunday morning, being most severe at Terre Haute, Evansville, Springfield, Centralia and Hillsboro. No damage was done anywhere.

The body of Alfred Blizzard, a farmer of Hill Grove, near Greenville, O., was found in a creek, with a dozen horrible gashes disfiguring it. Blizzard is supposed to have been murdered for his money or killed in a house of ill repute in Greenville.

Bloomington, Ind., is enjoying a wonderful religious revival.

Nine coal cars were wrecked at New Riegal, O., Saturday night.

There is no money in the Indiana treasury to pay the legislators.

Christian Shaw, sentenced to be hung in the Erie, Pa., jail, suicided.

Cincinnati had over 10,000 special delivery letters sent in six months.

Hugh Brachlin, of Cleveland, has been arrested as one of McMunn's rescuers.

James Waughted was shot by an assassin, near Hege, Ind., last Saturday night. A man named Miller has been arrested for the crime.

The friends of August Spies have asked Maj. C. H. Blackburn, of Cincinnati, to defend the Anarchists.

The supreme court of Louisiana has declared the Sunday closing law constitutional. It will be enforced in New Orleans.

The president has respited until March 4 John Washington and Simon Wolf, two Indians sentenced to hang at Witchita, Kan., for rape.

Dr. Ford, who shot and killed J. C. Kirkpatrick, the betrayer of the doctor's wife, at New Orleans, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. He will be pardoned.

Martin McLean, treasurer of the Telegraphers' Aid and Literary association of Boston, has left for parts unknown, carrying nearly $1,000 of the association's money with him.

A joint resolution was adopted by the West Virginia legislature heartily approving the Centennial exposition to be held at Cincinnati, and requesting the governor to appoint five commissioners to represent that state.

Testimony before the coroner, in the Blizzard murder mystery at Greenville, O., developed the fact that the victim was last seen in a buggy with a Mrs. Rhoades. Neither the woman nor the horse and buggy have been seen since.

In the superior court of Charlotte, N. C., judgment for $1,200 was rendered against the Western Union Telegraph company for failure to deliver a dispatch from a Charlotte merchant to a New York firm to cover 500 bales of cotton futures.

The Cincinnati centennial commission has asked the common council to appoint a committee of five to assist the commission; has elected Governor Foraker and Mayor Smith honorary members; has indorsed the petition for a legislative appropriation for the Harrison statue and has indorsed the project for a new city hall.

A. S. Austin, a rich crank, who is said to have made his money in southern speculation, is creating a sensation in New York. He will walk along the streets with his pockets overflowing with $5 gold pieces, and every person he meets he halts, gazes into their eye, and if he thinks they are honest, presses a gold piece in their hand and passes on. Recently he bought an armful of boxes of the choicest cigars and insisted upon treating everybody as they left a theater.

Prohibition looks like a probability in West Virginia.

Coal miners and operators are in session at Columbus, O.

Augustus Littlejohn, once a famous orator, is now a pauper at Kalamazoo.

The National Agricultural and Dairy association is holding an important session in New York.

Michael Drumm, of Cincinnati, who was mysteriously missing for a week, was found drowned in Mill creek.

Calvin Garmany, of Hogback Mountain, S. C., has just learned that he is a free man, having been kept by his old master ever since the war.

The amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill appropriating $700,000 for the continuation of the experiments for the manufacture of sugar from sorghum was favorably reported from the senate committee on agriculture by Senator Plumb.

Detective Hulligan, of Cleveland, who, with Capt. Hochen, was attacked on a railway train by a gang of desperadoes, who rescued the burglar McMunn, died from his wounds Tuesday morning. Capt. Hochen is improving rapidly. Pitt Smith is under arrest at Columbus, as one of the murderers.

STRANGE INFATUATION.

An Old Man Divides His Property and Marries a Servant Girl.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 9.—John W. Vint, postmaster and merchant at Lakeside, Pulaski county, who separated from his wife last week because of his infatuation for Dora White, a pretty domestic of eighteen, came direct to North Manchester, this county, as soon as he could settle his affairs and get his cash together. The fair Dora found a refuge at the home of her uncle, William Helm, a prominent merchant at North Manchester.

Vint struck the place last Friday and at once sought out his enchantress. They met by chance in the postoffice and an elopement was planned. The Helm family tried in vain to induce Dora to give up her aged lover, but she was determined to have him after he had sacrificed everything for her. At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon Vint and Dora White were married at the M. E. parsonage in North Manchester by Rev. A. Greenman. In an interview Vint justified his course, and claimed that he had made ample reparation by giving his divorced wife 320 acres of land and improvements and his daughter 120 acres and the store. The newly-wedded pair left on the west bound Wabash train last night. It is understood that they purchased tickets for Danville, Ill.

Coal $60 a Ton.

FORT SHAW, Mont., Feb. 9.—There was a snow storm Sunday night, extending through northern Montana from north of Fort Assinaboine to Fort Shaw. From four to eight inches fell, making from fourteen to twenty-five inches now on the level. Cattle are suffering terribly. The fuel famine still continues at Fort Benton. Coal is $60 a ton, and is extremely difficult to obtain, even at that figure.

PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS.

A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Palavers. Labor, Love and Trades' Trials—Rail Rumblings—Foreign Fancies and Fires. Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

The supreme court of Ohio has reversed the lower court and granted a new trial to Arthur E. Benedict, sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for producing an abortion on a prominent lady of Pomeroy. Judge Minshall held that the defendant should be discharged.

Richard J. Fanning, prominent Columbus Republican, has been chosen by State Railroad Commissioner Cappeller as his chief clerk.

Col. S. A. Whitfield has been appointed by the governor to be a member of the Cincinnati board of public affairs, to fill the vacancy caused by Maj. Morgan's resignation.

Manton Marble, who has been visiting Secretary Manning, says he finds him in excellent health, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The commercial travelers are going to request the administration at Washington to appoint M. T. Pickering, of Philadelphia, as one of the commissioners created by the interstate commerce bill.

Francis Murphy, the gospel temperance advocate, closed his two weeks' work with a splendid meeting in Music Hall Sunday night. Over four thousand signatures were placed to the pledge during the fortnight.

Col. B. F. Thompson, of Illinois, has been appointed a commissioner to represent his state and Ohio in the interest of our dealers in horses in France, Russia and Germany, those countries having interfered with the exportation of horses to America.

Urban H. Hester assumed the duties of clerk of the Ohio supreme court Monday.

It is announced that Donn Piatt is about to publish an iconoclastic sort of book, entitled "Memories of the Men Who Saved the Union."

Casualties.

An exploding dynamite cartridge at the Inman, Tenn., iron mines, killed two and wounded eight convicts.

The remains of Mrs. P. J. Van Hoosen were found in the ruins of the reform school burned at Rochester, N. Y. She was employed in the laundry department.

The school house at Ste. Monique, Canada, was destroyed by fire, and four young girls perished in the flames, three sisters, aged ten, eleven and twelve, respectively, daughters of Mr. Ambrose, of Ste. Monique, and another young girl, daughter of Mr. Joseph Forget.

Rev. John Hedman, a Chicago Episcopal minister, is charged with misappropriating money, drunkenness and immorality.

An extra collided with a freight train on the Chicago & Atlantic railroad, near West Point, Ind., causing a loss of $25,000.

At Lebanon, Pa., a truck containing red hot cinders collided with another car, killing Peter Reddinger and Henry Kuetz.

Political Pointers.

Gen. John Beatty, of Columbus, and Capt. Asa Bushnell, of Springfield, O., are mentioned as Republican candidates for governor.

Hamilton, O., Democrats want Hon Jim Campbell to make the race for governor. Some consider him the strongest Democrat in the state, next to Thurman.

Anti saloon Republican clubs are being organized throughout New York.

The senatorial deadlock in the West Virginia legislature continues.

Morris Spillard has been appointed receiver for the late Cincinnati Sun Publishing company.

Ex-Governor Abbett received three votes for United States senator from the formal meeting of the New Jersey assembly. With Madden seated, Abbett's election is certain.

Railroad Reading.

Scott county, Kentucky, has voted $25,000 towards extending the Midland & Versailles railroad to Georgetown.

The Illinois Midland railroad has returned to its owners after ten years of receivership. It is now the Terre Haute & Peoria railroad.

Judge Heaton has dissolved the temporary injunction granted upon the complaint of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad company, to retain the Emerys from levying upon cars in New York, to satisfy a judgment of $121,238.15 received against the company. The judgment was obtained in 1882 on interest coupons on 991 first mortgage bonds of the road, and will now have to be paid.

Labor Notes.

The threatened lockout of the Philadelphia cutters and trimmers will take place tomorrow.

There is a little or no change in the labor situation in New York. The freight blockade at the piers continues.

The Central Labor union has issued an appeal for funds for the striking coal handlers in New York.

Two hundred men in the employ of J. R. Thomson & Co.'s steel works, Jersey City, have struck.

Conferences between the strikers and their employers in New York have been held, and there is a chance, that the difficulties may soon be sadjusted.

Business Troubles.

The Albion Lumber company, of Ricedale, Ky., failed. Liabilities, $30,000.

Patrick Burns, coal merchant, Toronto, Ont., has failed, with $400,000 liabilities.

F. & J. Wolf, an old boot and shoe firm of Tiffin, O., have assigned.

Goldsmith Bros., clothiers, of Philadelphia, have failed, with $100,000 liabilities.

The Dennison Paper Co., near Portland, Me., has suspended. Liabilities $440,000. The company alleges a strike as the cause of the trouble.

The Cosgrove Brewing and Malting company, of Toronto, Ont., has failed.

Fire Record.

The Central chair factory, at Indianapolis, was damaged by fire to the extent of $20,000.

R. & H. Adams' mosquito bar mills, Paterson, N. J., were damaged by fire to the extent of $250,000. Fully insured.

A fire in the Talbot block, Indianapolis, damaged stores and their contents to the extent of $25,000.

Martin & Co.'s cotton warehouse, Little Rock, Ark., was destroyed by fire, together with its contents. Loss $26,000, covered by insurance.

Cable Sparks.

The loss to Italian troops in the recent battle with natives in the Soudan was over 400 killed.

Limerick has refused to participate in the queen's jubilee, on the ground that Victoria has visited Ireland but twice during her reign.

South American doctors have discovered an infallible cure for cholera in cocoa leaves.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SNOW BOUND AT EAGLE'S

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER I.

For some moments profound silence and darkness had accompanied a Sierran stage coach toward the summit. The huge, dim bulk of the vehicle, swaying noiselessly on its straps, glided onward and upward as if obeying some mysterious impulse from behind, so faint and indefinite appeared its relations to the viewless and silent horses ahead. The shadowy trunks of tall trees, that seemed to approach the coach windows, look in, and then move hurriedly away, were the only distinguishable objects. Yet even these were so vague and unreal that they might have been the mere phantoms of some dream of the half sleeping passengers; for the thickly-strewn needles of the pine, that choked the way and deadened all sound, yielded under the silently crushing wheels a faint soporific odor that seemed to benumb their senses, already slipping back into unconsciousness during the long ascent. Suddenly the stage stopped.

Three of the four passengers made struggled at once into upright wakefulness. The fourth passenger, John Hale, had not been sleeping, and turned impatiently toward the window. It seemed to him that two of the moving trees had suddenly become motionless outside. One of them moved again, and the door opened quickly but quietly, as of itself.

"Git down," said a voice in the darkness.

"Git down," said a voice in the darkness.

All the passengers except Hale started. The man next to him moved his right hand suddenly behind him, but as quickly stopped. One of the motionless trees had apparently closed upon the vehicle, and what had seemed to be a bough projecting from it at right angles changed slowly into the faintly shining double barrels of a gun at the window.

"Drop that," said the voice.

The man who had moved uttered a short laugh and returned his hand empty to his knee. The two others perceptibly shrugged their shoulders as over a game that was lost. The remaining passenger, John Hale, fearless by nature, inexperienced by habit, awaking suddenly to the truth, conceived a desperate resistance. But without his making a gesture this was instinctively felt by the others; the muzzle of the gun turned spontaneously on him, and he was vaguely conscious of a certain contempt and impatience of him in his companions.

"Git down," repeated the voice imperatively.

The three passengers descended. Hale, furious, alert, but helpless of any opportunity, followed. He was surprised to find the stage driver and express messenger standing beside him, he had not heard them dismount. He instinctively looked toward the horses. He could see nothing.

"Hold up your hands!"

One of the passengers had already lifted his, in a weary, perfunctory way. The others did the same reluctantly and awkwardly, but apparently more from the consciousness of the ludicrousness of their attitude than from any sense of danger. The rays of a bull's eye lantern, deftly managed by invisible hands, while it left the intruders in shadow, completely illuminated the faces and figures of the passengers. In spite of the majestic obscurity and silence of surrounding nature, the group of humanity thus illuminated was more farcical than dramatic. A scrap of newspaper, part of a sandwich, and an orange peel that had fallen from the floor of the coach, brought into equal prominence by the searching light, completed the absurdity.

"There is a man here with a package of greenbacks," said a voice, with an official coolness that lent a certain suggestion of custom house inspection to the transaction; "who is it?" The passengers looked at each other, and their glance finally settled on Hale.

"It's not him," continued the voice, with a slight tinge of contempt on the emphasis. "You'll save time and searching, gentlemen, if you'll tote it out. If we've got to go through every one of you we'll try to make it pay."

The significant threat was not unheeded. The passenger who had first moved when the stage stopped put his hand to his breast.

"Tother pocket first, if you please," said the voice.

The man laughed, drew a pistol from his hip pocket, and, under the strong light of the lantern, laid it on a spot in the road indicated by the voice. A thick envelope, taken from his breast pocket, was laid beside it. "I told the d—d fools that gave it to me, instead of sending it by express, it would be at their own risk," he said apologetically.

"As it's going with the express now it's all the same," said the inevitable humorist of the occasion, pointing to the despoiled express treasure box already in the road.

The intention and deliberation of the outrage was plain enough to Hale's inexperience now. Yet he could not understand the cool acquiescence of his fellow passengers, and was furious. His reflections were interrupted by a voice which seemed to come from a greater distance. He fancied it was even softer in tone, as if a certain austerity was relaxed.

"Step in as quick as you like, gentlemen. You've five minutes to wait, Bill."

The passengers re-entered the coach; the driver and express messenger hurriedly climbed to their places. Hale would have spoken, but an impatient gesture from his companions stopped him. They were evidently listening for something; he listened too.

Yet the silence remained unbroken. It seemed incredible that there should be no indication near or far of that forceful presence which a moment ago had been so dominant. No rustle in the wayside "brush" nor echo from the rocky canyon below betrayed a sound of their flight. A faint breeze stirred the tall tips of the pines, a cone dropped on the stage roof, one of the invisible horses, that seemed to be listening too, moved slightly in his harness. But this only appeared to accentuate the profound stillness. The moments were growing interminable, when the voice, so near as to startle Hale, broke once more from the surrounding obscurity.

"Good night!"

It was the signal that they were free. The driver's whip cracked like a pistol shot, the horses sprang furiously forward, the huge vehicle lurched ahead and then bounded violently after them. When Hale could make his voice heard in the confusion—a confusion which seemed greater from the colorless intensity of the last few moments' experience—he said hurriedly, "Then that fellow was there all the time?"

"I reckon," returned his companion, "he stopped five minutes to cover the driver with his double barrel, until the two other men got off with the treasure."

"The two others!" gasped Hale. "Then there were only three men, and we six."

The man shrugged his shoulders. The passenger who had given up the greenbacks drawled, with a slow, irritating tolerance, "I reckon you're a stranger here?"

"I am to this sort of thing, certainly, though I live a dozen miles from here, at Eagle's Court," it turned Hale scornfully.

"Then you're the chap that's doin' that fancy ranchin' over at Eagle's," continued the man lazily.

"Whatever I'm doing at Eagle's Court I'm not ashamed of it," said Hale tartly; "and that's more than I can say of what I've done—or haven't done to night. I've been cowed six men overawed and robbed by three."

"As to the cowerawin', ez you call it—maybe you know more about it than us. As to the robbin' ez far as I kin remember, you haven't unloaded much. Ef you're talkin' about what oughter've been done, I'll tell you what could have happened. P'raps ye noticed that when he pulled up I made a kind of grab for my wepping behind me?"

"I did; and you weren't quick enough," said Hale shortly.

"I wasn't quick enough, and that saved you. For ef I got that pistol out and in sight o' that man that held the gun ——"

"Well," said Hale impatiently, "he'd have hesitated."

"He'd hev blown you with both barrels outer the window, and that before I'd got a half cock on my revolver."

"But that would have been only one man gone, and there would have been five of you left," said Hale haughtily.

"That might have been ef you'd contracted to take the hull charge of two handfuls of buckshot and slugs; but ez one-eighth of that amount would have done your business, and yet left enough to have gone round, promiscuss, and satisfied the other passengers, it wouldn't do to kalkilate upon."

"But the express messenger and the driver were armed," continued Hale.

"They were armed, but not fixed; that makes all the difference."

"I don't understand."

"I reckon you know what a duel is?"

"Yes."

"Well, the chances agin us was about the same as you'd have ef you was put up agin another chap who was allowed to draw a bead on you, and the signal to fire was your drawin' your weapon. You may be a stranger to this sort o' thing, and p'raps you never fought a duel, but even then you wouldn't go throwin' your life away on any such chances."

Something in the man's manner, as in a certain grim amusement the other passengers appeared to extract from the conversation, impressed Hale, already beginning to be conscious of the ludicrous inefficiency of his own grievance beside that of his fellow sufferers.

"Then you mean to say this thing is inevitable," said he bitterly, but less aggressively.

"Ez long ez they hunt you; when you hunt them you've got the advantage, allus provided you know how to get at them ez well as they know how to get at you. This yer coach is bound to go regular, and on certain days. They ain't. By the time the sheriff gets out his posse they've skedaddled, and the leader, like as not, is takin' his quiet cocktail at the Bank Exchange, or mebbe losin' his earnings to the sheriff over draw poker in Sacramento. You see you can't prove anything agin them unless you take them 'on the fly.' It may be a part of Joaquin Murietta's band, though I wouldn't swear to it."

"The leader might have been Gentleman George, from up country," interposed a passenger. "He seemed to throw in a few fancy touches, particularly in that 'Good night.' Sorter chucked a little sentiment in it. Didn't seem to be the same thing ez 'Git, yer d—d suckers,' on the other line."

"Whoever he was he knew the road and the men who traveled on it. Like ez not he went over the line beside the driver on the box on the down trip, and took stock of everything. He even knew I had those greenbacks, though they were handed to me in the bank at Sacramento. He must have been hangin' round there."

For some moments Hale remained silent. He was a civic-bred man, with an intense love of law and order: the kind of man who is the first to take that law and order into his own hand when he does not find it existing to please him. He had a Bostonian's respect for respectability, tradition and propriety, but was willing to face irregularity and impropriety to create order elsewhere. He was fond of nature with these limitations, never quite trusting her unguided instincts, and finding her an instructress greatly inferior to Harvard University, though possibly not to Cornell. With dauntless enterprise and energy he had built and stocked a charming cottage farm in a nook in the Sierras, whence he opposed, like the lesser Englishman that he was, his own tastes to those of the alien west. In the present instance he felt it incumbent upon him not only to assert his principles, but to act upon them with his usual energy. How far he was impelled by the half contemptuous passiveness of his companions it would be difficult to say.

"What is to prevent the pursuit of them at once?" he asked suddenly. "We are a few miles from the station, where horses can be procured."

"Who's to do it?" replied the other lazily. "The stage company will lodge the complaint with the authorities, but it will take two days to get the county officers out, and it's nobody else's funeral."

"I will go for one," said Hale quietly. "I have a horse waiting for me at the station, and can start at once."

There was an instant of silence. The stage coach had left the obscurity of the forest, and by the stronger light Hale could perceive that his companion was examining him with two colorless, lazy eyes. Presently he said, meeting Hale's clear glance, but rather as if yielding to a careless reflection:

"It *might* be done with four men. We oughter raise one man at the station." He paused. "I don't know ez I'd mind taking a hand myself," he added, stretching out his legs with a slight yawn.

"You can count me in, if you're goin', kernel. I reckon I'm talkin' to Kernel Clinch," said the passenger beside Hale with sudden alacrity. "I'm Rawlins, of Frisco. Heard of ye afore, kernel, and kinder spotted you jist now from your talk."

To Hale's surprise the two men, after awkwardly and perfunctorily grasping each other's hand, entered at once into a languid conversation on the recent election at Fresno, without the slightest further reference to the pursuit of the robbers. It was not until the remaining and undenominated passenger turned to Hale, and, regretting that he had immediate business at the Summit, offered to accompany the party if they would wait a couple of hours, that Col. Clinch briefly returned to the subject.

"Four men will do, and ez we'll hev to take horses from the station we'll hev to take the fourth man from there."

With these words he resumed his uninteresting conversation with the equally uninterested Rawlins, and the undenominated passenger subsided into an admiring and dreamy contemplation of them both. With all his principle and really high minded purpose, Hale could not help being constrained and annoyed at the sudden, subordinate and auxiliary position to which he, the projector of the enterprise, had been reduced. It was true that he had never offered himself as their leader; it was true that the principle he wished to uphold and the effect he sought to obtain would be equally demonstrated under another; it was true that the execution of his own conception gravitated by some occult impulse to the man who had not sought it, and whom he had always regarded as an incapable. But all this was so unlike precedent or tradition that, after the fashion of conservative men, he was suspicious of it, and only that his honor was now involved he would have withdrawn from the enterprise. There was still a chance of reasserting himself at the station, where he was known, and where some authority might be deputed to him.

But even this prospect failed. The station, half hotel and half stable, contained only the landlord, who was also express agent, and the new volunteer whom Clinch had suggested would be found among the stable men. The nearest justice of the peace was ten miles away, and Hale had to abandon even his hope of being sworn in as a deputy constable. This introduction of a common and illiterate ostler into the party on equal terms with himself did not add to his satisfaction, and a remark from Rawlins seemed to complete his embarrassment.

"Ye had a mighty narrer escape down there just now," said that gentleman confidentially, as Hale buckled his saddle girths.

"I thought, as we were not supposed to defend ourselves, there was no danger," said Hale scornfully.

"Oh, I don't mean them road agents. But *him*."

"Who?"

"Kernel Clinch. You jist ez good as allowed he hadn't any grit."

"Whatever I said, I suppose I am responsible for it," answered Hale haughtily.

"That's what gits me," was the imperturbable reply. "It's the best shot in southern California, and hez let daylight through a dozen chaps at one now for half what you said."

"Indeed!"

"Howsumnever," continued Rawlins, philosophically, "ez he's concluded to go with ye instead of for ye, you're likely to hev your ideas on this matter carried out up to the handle. He'll make short work of it, you bet. Ef, ez I suspect, the leader is an airy young feller from Frisco, who hez took to the road lately, Clinch hez got a personal grudge agin him from a quarrel over draw poker."

This was the last blow to Hale's ideal crusade. Here he was—an honest, respectable citizen—engaged as simple accessory to a lawless vendetta originating at a gambling table! When the first shock was over that grim philosophy which is the reaction of all imaginative and sensitive natures came to his aid. He felt better; oddly enough he began to be conscious that he was thinking and acting like his companions. With this feeling a vague sympathy, before absent, faintly showed itself in their actions. The Sharpe's rifle put into his hands by the stableman was accompanied by a familiar word of suggestion as to an equal, which he was ashamed to find flattered him. He was able to continue the conversation with Rawlins more coolly.

"Then you suspect who is the leader?"

"Only on giniral principles. There was a finer touch, so to speak, in this yer robbery than wasn't in the old fashioned style. Down in my country they hed crude ideas about them things—used to strip the passengers of everything, including their clothes. They say that at the station hotels, when the coaches came in, the folks used to stand round with blankets to wrap up the passengers so ez not to hurt the women. That's a story that the driver and express manager drove up one day when only a copy of The Alty Californy was wrapped around 'em; but thin," added Rawlins pensively, "there was folks ez said the hull story was only an advertisement got up for The Alty."

"Time's up."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said Col. Clinch.

Hale started. He had forgotten his wife and family at Eagle's Court, ten miles away. They would be alarmed at his absence, would perhaps hear some exaggerated version of the stage coach robbery and fear the worst.

"Is there any way I could send a line to Eagle's Court before daybreak?" he asked eagerly.

The station was already drained of its spare men and horses. The undenominated passenger stepped forward and offered to take it himself when his business, which he would dispatch as quickly as possible, was concluded.

"That ain't a bad idea," said Clinch, reflectively, "for ef yer hurry you'll head 'em off in case they scent us, and try to double back on the North ridge. They'll fight shy of the trail if they see anybody on it, and one man's as good as a dozen."

Hale could not help thinking that he might have been that one man, and had his opportunity for independent action but for his rash proposal, but it was too late to withdraw now. He hastily scribbled a few lines to his wife on a sheet of the station paper, handed it to the man, and took his place in the little cavalcade as it filed silently down the road.

And took his place in the cavalcade.

They had ridden in silence for nearly an hour, and had passed the scene of the robbery by a higher track. Morning had long ago advanced its colors on the cold white peaks to their right, and was taking possession of the spur where they rode.

"It looks like snow," said Rawlins quietly.

Hale turned toward him in astonishment. Nothing on earth or sky looked less likely. It had been cold, but that night have been only a current from the frozen peaks beyond, reaching the lower valley. The ridge on which they had halted was still thick with yellowish green summer foliage, mingled with the darker evergreen of pine and fir. Oven-like canyons in the long flanks of the mountain seemed still to glow with the heat of yesterday's noon; the breathless air yet trembled and quivered over stifling gorges and passes in the granite rocks, while far at their feet sixty miles of perpetual summer stretched away over the winding American river, now and then lost in a gossamer haze. It was scarcely ripe October where they stood; they could see the plenitude of August still lingering in the valleys.

"I've seen Thomson's pass choked up with fifteen feet o' snow earlier than this," said Rawlins, answering Hale's gaze; "and last September the passengers sledded over the road we came last night, and all the time Thomson, a mile lower down over the ridge in the hollow, smoking his pipe under roses in his piazza! Mountains is mighty uncertain; they make their own weather ez they want it. I reckon you ain't wintered here yet."

Hale was obliged to admit that he had only taken Eagle's Court in the early spring.

"Oh, you're all right at Eagle's—when you're there! But it's like Thomson's—it's the gettin' there that's—Hallo! What's that?"

A shot, distant but distinct, had rung through the keen air. It was followed by another so alike as to seem an echo.

"That's over you, on the North ridge," said the ostler, "about two miles as the crow flies and five by the trail. Somebody's shootin' b'ar."

"Not with a shot gun," said Clinch, quickly checking his horse with a gesture that electrified them. "It's them, and they've doubled on us! To the North ridge, gentlemen, and ride all you know!"

It need no second challenge to completely transform that quiet cavalcade. The wild, game hunting instinct, so parable to most humanity, rose at their leader's look and word. With an incoherent and unintelligible cry, giving voice to the chase like the communal hound of their fields, the order loving Hale and the philosophical Rawlins wheeled with the others, and in another instant the little band swept out of sight in the forest.

An immense and immeasurable quiet succeeded. The sunlight glistened silently on cliff and scar, the vast distance below seemed to stretch out and broaden into repose. It might have been fancy, but over the sharp line of the North ridge a light smoke lifted as of an escaping soul.

(To be continued.)

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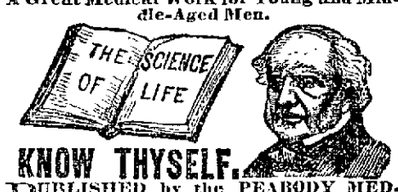

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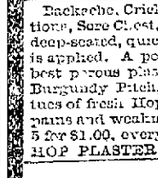

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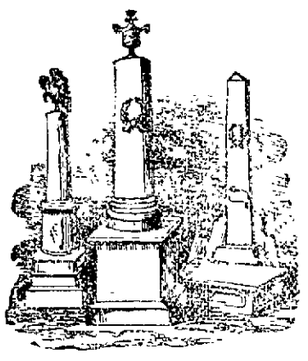


HAVING NOW COMPLETED my building on the corner of Tremont and Mill streets, and made it in every way convenient for the marble and mantel business, and having it well filled with

CHOICE MONUMENTS and Gravestones,

of the latest designs and finish of both Marble and Granite. And having enlarged my

MANTEL ROOM

and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterns of

Slate MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either monuments or mantels at less rates than can be furnished from abroad, of the same style and finish. All I ask is an examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad.

Works at old stand corner Tremont and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel,

WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO

MILLER'S OIL REFINING WORKS, Allegheny City, Pa. OFFICE:—328 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

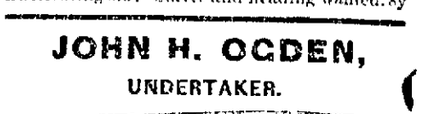
A. D. MILLER & SONS, Manufacturers of High Test Oils, for export and home consumption. Would call public attention to our brand,

WATER WHITE KEROSENE, 150 TEST.

Warranted none better. Gasoline for stoves and gas machines, 74, 86, 87, 88 and 90 gravities. Lubricating oils. Staves and heading wanted. 8y

JOHN H. OGDEN,

UNDERTAKER.



West Side of Canal, Main Street,

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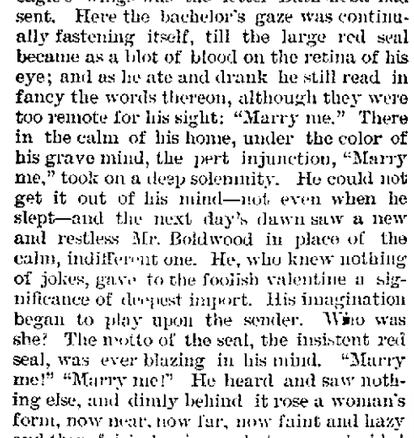
Continued from seventh page.

tor in the lives of the persons whose hands it was to pass through and into. An innocent enough piece of stationer's art it seemed to be. Bathsheba had purchased it for little Teddy Coggan, but as she was about to address it to him, Liddy, her irrepressible serving maid, suggested that it would be great fun to send it to the "stupid old Boldwood:" that "he'd worry to death:" and so, with a yawn on her handsome face, Bathsheba assented, and wrote upon its formidable envelope Farmer Boldwood's name, and sealed it with a large red seal, bearing the mandatory motto, "Marry me." She did not know that it was to be a powerful factor in the destiny of her handsome, reserved neighbor. She could not see that the red wax sealed his fate, so very idly and unreflectingly was this deed done.

At dusk on the evening of St. Valentine's day Boldwood sat down to supper, as usual, by a beaming fire of aged logs. Upon the mantel shelf before him was a time piece, surmounted by a spread eagle, and upon the eagle's wings was the letter Bathsheba had sent. Here the bachelor's gaze was continually fastening itself, till the large red seal became as a blot of blood on the retina of his eye; and as he ate and drank he still read in fancy the words thereon, although they were too remote for his sight: "Marry me." There in the calm of his home, under the color of his grave mind, the pert injunction, "Marry me," took on a deep solemnity. He could not get it out of his mind—not even when he slept—and the next day's dawn saw a new and restless Mr. Boldwood in place of the calm, indifferent one. He, who knew nothing of jokes, gave to the foolish valentine a significance of deepest import. His imagination began to play upon the sender. Who was she? The motto of the seal, the insistent red seal, was ever blazing in his mind. "Marry me!" "Marry me!" He heard and saw nothing else, and dimly behind it rose a woman's form, now near, now far, now faint and hazy and then fairly luminous, but never decided enough to settle the question of her identity.

Before many days he proved by comparison that the writing on his valentine was Bathsheba Everdene's. The next Saturday he looked at her for the first time in market. He saw her black hair, her correct facial curves and profile, and the roundness of her chin and throat. He saw then the side of her eyelids, eyes and lashes and the shape of her ear. Next he noticed her figure, her skirt, and the very soles of her shoes. He thought her beautiful, and wondered in a frightened way how this romance in the flesh had escaped the possession of man. He saw her adding up accounts with a dashing, young farmer, and grew feverish with incipient jealousy; he trod for the first time the threshold of "the injured lover's hell." All this time, Bathsheba, without looking, was conscious of having broken into the dignified stronghold of Mr. Boldwood's mind. Women's very ribbons seem to have eyes to perceive these things.



SHE SENDS THE VALENTINE.

The phases of Boldwood's life were ordinary enough, but his was not an ordinary nature. If an emotion possessed him at all it ruled him. He was always hit mortally or he was missed. He had no light and careless touches in his constitution either for good or evil. He saw no absurd side to the follies of life, and thus, though not quite companionable in the eyes of merry men and scoffers and those to whom all things show life as a jest, he was not intolerable to the earnest and those acquainted with grief.

Bathsheba was far from dreaming that the dark and silent shape upon which she had so carelessly thrown a seed was a hotbed of tropic intensity; nor did she realize the possibly great issues of little beginnings. The causes of love are chiefly subjective, and Boldwood was a living testimony to the truth of the proposition. No mother existed to absorb his devotion, no sister for his tenderness, no idle ties for sense. He became surcharged with the compound, which was genuine lover's love.

Months went by, and he had never even exchanged a word with the woman whose image had driven everything else from his mind. At last he grew used to being in love, and was less startled by the passion, though tortured more.

Then he determined to be no longer repulsed by trivialities or distracted by suspense. He called formally upon Miss Everdene, but she was not in.

It was near the end of May that, as he went meditating down the slopes of his splendid farm one morning, he saw Miss Everdene's shepherd and his men washing sheep in the river, while near by stood Miss Everdene in a new riding habit, the reins of her horse being looped over her arm.

HE BADE HER GOOD MORNING.

Mr. Boldwood walked close to her and bade her good morning, in a constrained way. Feeling guilty and a little abashed, she slipped along by the river a stone's throw off. She heard footsteps brushing the grass, and had a consciousness that love was encircling her like a perfume. She moved on and looked not back, and at last was completely past the bend of the river. Boldwood was close behind her now.

"Miss Everdene!" said he.

She trembled, turned, and said: "Good morning." His tone was so utterly removed from all she had expected as a beginning. It was lowness and quiet accented; an emphasis of deep meanings, their form, at the same time, being scarcely expressed. Silence has sometimes a remarkable power of showing itself as the disembodied soul of feeling wandering without its carcass, and it is then more impressive than speech. In the same way, to say a little is often to tell more than to say a great deal. Boldwood told everything in that word.

As the consciousness expands on learning that what was fancied to be the rumble of wheels is the reverberation of thunder, so did Bathsheba's at her intuitive conviction.

"I feel—almost—too much—to think," he said, with a solemn simplicity; "I have come to speak to you without preface. My life is not my own since I have beheld you clearly, Miss Everdene—I came to make you an offer of marriage."

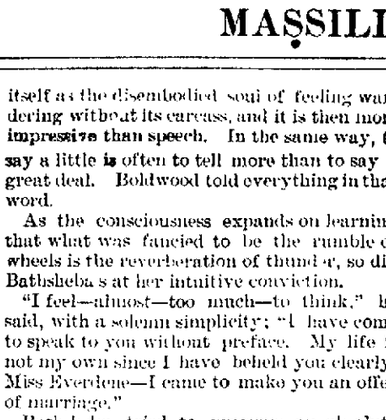
Bathsheba tried to preserve an absolute neutral countenance, and all the motion she made was that of closing lips which had previously been a little parted.

"I am now 40 years old," he went on. "I may have been called a confirmed bachelor, and I was a confirmed bachelor. I had never any views of myself as a husband in my earlier days, nor have I made any calculation on the subject since I have been older. But we all change; and my change in this matter came with seeing you. I have felt lately, more and more, that my present way of living is bad in every respect. Beyond all things, I want you as my wife."

"I feel, Mr. Boldwood, that though I respect you much, I do not feel—what would justify me to—in accepting your offer," she stammered.

This giving back of dignity for dignity seemed to open the sluices of feeling that Boldwood had as yet kept closed.

"My life is a burden without you," he exclaimed in a low voice. "I want you—I want you to let me say I love you again and again!"



CUPID AND PSYCHE DISSEMINATE TROUBLE.

Bathsheba answered nothing, and the horse upon her arm seemed so impressed, that instead of cropping the herbage it looked up.

"I think and hope you care enough for me to listen to what I have to tell!"

Bathsheba's momentary impulse at hearing this was to ask why he thought that, till she remembered that, far from being a conceited assumption on Boldwood's part, it was but the natural conclusion of serious reflection based on deceptive premises of her own offering.

"I wish I could say courteous flatteries to you," the farmer continued in an easier tone, "and put my rugged feeling into a graceful shape; but I have neither power nor patience to learn such things. I want you for my wife—so wildly that no other feeling can abide in me; but I should not have spoken out had I not been led to hope."

"The valentine again! Oh, that valentine!" she said to herself, but not a word to him.

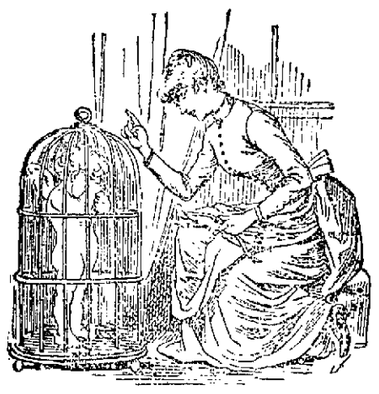
"If you can love me, say so, Miss Everdene. If not—don't say no."

"Mr. Boldwood, it is painful to have to say I am surprised so that I don't know how to answer you with propriety and respect—but am only just able to speak out my feeling—I mean my meaning; that I am afraid I can't marry you, much as I respect you. You are too dignified for me to suit you, sir."

"But, Miss Everdene!"

"I—I didn't—I know I ought never to have dreamed of sending that valentine—forgive me, sir—it was a wanton thing which no woman with any self respect should have done. If you will only pardon my thoughtlessness, I promise never to"——

"No, no, no. Don't say thoughtlessness! Make me think it was something more—that it was a sort of prophetic instinct—the beginning of a feeling that you would like me. You torture me to say it was done in thoughtlessness—I never thought of it in that light, and I can't endure it. Ah! I wish I knew how to win you! But that I can't do—I can only ask if I have already got you. If I have not, and it is not true that you have come unwittingly to me as I have to you, I can say no more."



CUPID ENTRAPPED.

"I have not fallen in love with you, Mr. Boldwood—certainly I may say that." She allowed a very small smile to creep for the first time over her serious face in saying this, and the white row of upper teeth and keenly cut lips, already noticed, suggested an idea of heartlessness, which was immediately contradicted by the pleasant eyes.

"But you will just think—in kindness and condescension think—if you cannot bear with me as a husband! I fear I am too old for you, but believe me, I will take more care of you than would many a man of your own age. I will protect and cherish you with all my strength—I will, indeed."

Bathsheba's heart was young, and it swelled with sympathy for the deep natured man who spoke so simply.

"Don't say it—don't! I cannot bear you to feel so much, and me to feel nothing. And I am afraid they will notice us, Mr. Boldwood. Will you let the matter rest now? I cannot think collectedly. I did not know you were going to say this to me. Oh, I am wicked to have made you suffer so." She was frightened as well as agitated at his vehemence.

"Say, then, that you don't absolutely refuse. Do not quite refuse!"

"I can do nothing. I cannot answer."

"I may speak to you again on the subject?"

"Yes."

"I may think of you?"

"Yes, I suppose you may think of me."

"And hope to obtain you?"

"No—do not hope! Let us go on."

"I will call upon you again to-morrow."

"No—please not! Give me time."

"Yes—I will give you any time," he said, earnestly and gratefully. "I am happier now."

"No—I beg you! Don't be happier if happiness only comes from my agreeing. Be neutral, Mr. Boldwood! I must think."

"I will wait," he said.

And then she turned away. Boldwood dropped his eyes to the ground, and stood long like a man who did not know where he was. Realities then returned upon him like the pain of a wound received in an excitement which eclipses it, and he, too, then went on.

And just above the bend of the river was Gabriel Oak washing his sheep and taking a fresh grip on his rebellious heart at the same time, for well did he divine the intent if not the result of Mr. Boldwood's walk with Bathsheba by the riverside.

The patterns were being marked out in the web of fate. The valentine had been the incipient cause of the curious and eventful tracery.

That evening there was a sheep shearing supper at the farm house, and Mr. Boldwood was there by invitation. While the men sat long at the big table spread on the porch and talked and grew merry as the gods in Homer's heaven, Miss Everdene and her guest went inside and sat by the window. The men asked her to sing the "Banks of Allan Water," and she did so, Gabriel Oak accompanying her on his flute. The picture and the words of the song, which were prophetic, though they did not know it, lingered long in the memory of more than one of the company.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a wily tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan water
There was none so fair as she.

"I will try to love you," Bathsheba was saying in a trembling voice as Boldwood parted from her. "And if I believe in any way that I shall make you a good wife, I shall indeed be willing to marry you. But, Mr. Boldwood, hesitation on so high a matter is honorable in any woman, and I don't want to give a solemn promise to night. I would rather ask you to wait a few weeks till I can see my situation better."

"But you would have every reason to believe that then"——

"I have every reason to hope that at the end of the five or six weeks, between this time and harvest, that you are going to be away from home, I shall be able to promise to be your wife," she said firmly. "But remember this distinctly, I don't promise yet."

"It is enough; I don't ask more. I can wait on those dear words. And now, Miss Everdene, good night!"

"Good night," she said, graciously—almost tenderly; and Boldwood withdrew with a serene smile.

But on that same night came fate, in the person of a gay, handsome, lying soldier, whom she accidentally brushed against in her walk around the place to see that every door was properly closed for the night. His credentials were a fair face, impudence and flattery, and they won, as they have won even greater prizes thousands of times before and will again, when truth and constancy fail to even win a smile. Women are never tired of bewailing man's fickleness in love, but they only seem to snub his constancy. And so, astonishing as it was, in less than a week Bathsheba had married the dashing soldier with the wily tongue—married him suddenly, without a moment's preparation. His impudent gallantry had fascinated her and she adored him. And he was a man who lied to all women like a Cretan. His rule for dealing with women was either to curse or flatter. He knew no third method. "Treat them fairly and you are a lost man," he would say. And he carried out his rule after his marriage to Bathsheba. He bullied her, deceived her, spent her money recklessly and vilely, tortured her, neglected and insulted her, and still she loved him. Gabriel Oak and Mr. Boldwood looked on and saw the heart break and scenes of repentance which ensued from this work of haste, and suffered, but continued to love her silently and hopelessly.

One day a dreadful thing happened. Fanny Robin came back and died with a baby in her arms in the workhouse. Fanny Robin, the maid whom Gabriel Oak had seen by the churchyard wall on the same night that he became the shepherd of Bathsheba's farm, and all the parish and even Bathsheba learned that Sergt. Troy, Bathsheba's husband, had brought her to grief, destitution and death. And over her dead body he confessed himself a wretch, and told Bathsheba that he had never loved her, and that the dead woman was more to him than she ever was or ever could be.

Then he left her and was reported drowned, and she grew used to the new order of things, and to experience a relief in being free from torture, only the torture of the never-fading knowledge that the man she had loved so intensely had never loved her at all. In the earnest heart of Mr. Boldwood the flowers of hope again took root and bloomed; and when the year of Bathsheba's widowhood was near its close he went to her and asked her to promise to marry him, even though the fulfillment of the promise was set for the far future. And she, feeling that she had once injured him in sheer idleness, promised that she would soon promise to marry him at the end of six years. How could they know of the specter that touched elbows with them soon as the words were spoken? They did not know that Bathsheba's husband, in his busy, aggravating and troublous body, was near. He appeared boldly on the scene at the house of Mr. Boldwood at a party where Bathsheba was a guest. Stepping inside he addressed Bathsheba and bade her come with him. He laid a hand upon her to pull her out of her seat. She writhed and gave a quick, low scream. Then there was a sudden deafening report, a flash, and a volume of gray smoke; and when the smoke filtered away the dead body of Sergt. Troy was on the floor; Mr. Boldwood had shot him. The silent, strong man had been unnerved by his long suffering and by the repression of his love. At last, just as the doors of paradise had opened to let him hope, the man who had once before snatched the cup of bliss from his hand appeared. Even this could have been borne by Mr. Boldwood, but when he saw Bathsheba shrink from his touch he was frenzied and killed her tormentor. He had become a madman. His hopeless love, with all its baffling incidents, had crazed him. They found many pathetic proofs of it in his home, hidden away from the sight of any.

This was the result of a girl's valentine—a thoughtless folly—for which she paid a penalty of tears and agony.

The years slipped by and Bathsheda married Gabriel Oak at last. It came about by his pretending that he didn't care a rap about her. Indeed, when the villagers started the report that he and she would marry, he said to her that it was absurd; that he didn't desire any such thing. So very perverse are women's ways, that she gave him to understand that she didn't think it absurd at all; and when he was sure of his ground he admitted that he had danced at her skittish heels for many a long mile and many a long day, but considered his reward as ample compensation.

They were married; but the sadness over Mr. Boldwood's fate never quite lifted from Bathsheba. Again and again, in remembering the past, with its resultant sorrow, did she say in bitter self reproach: "That valentine! Oh, that valentine!"

There was a man in our town and he was wonderous wise. He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes. And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main, he bought a bottle of Salvation Oil, and rubbed them in again.

A Chance for Health

Is afforded those fast sinking into a condition of hopeless debility. The means are at hand. In the form of a genial medicinal cordial, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters embodies the combined qualities of a blood fertilizer and depurent, a tonic and an alterative. While it promotes digestion and assimulation, and stimulates appetite, has the further effect of purifying the life current and strengthening the nervous system. As the blood grows richer and purer by its use, they who resort to this sterling medicinal agent, acquire not only vigor, but bodily substance. A healthful change in the secretions is affected by it, and that sure and rapid physical decay, which a chronic obstruction of the functions of the system produces, is arrested. The prime causes of disease being removed, health is speedily renovated and vigor restored.

The Grover Cleveland boom has collapsed.

Experience vs. Inexperience.

It is a matter of regret that in introducing Hood's Sarsaparilla, its proprietors are obliged to overcome a certain distrust by some people who have unfortunately bought worthless compounds mixed by persons ignorant of pharmacy. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co. are reliable pharmacists of long experience, and they make no claims for Hood's Sarsaparilla which cannot be substantiated by the strongest proof. And we say to those who lack confidence, read the unsolicited testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and then prove its merits by actual personal test. We are confident you will not be disappointed, but will find it a medicine of peculiar curative value, which can be implicitly relied upon.

It is unlawful to hunt rabbits between Feb. 1st and Oct. 1st.

Dr. Flagg's Family Ointment

Never fails to soothe and heal cuts, burns, bruises, flesh wounds, inflammation, sprains, pimples, chilblains, salt rheum, chapped lips or hands, frost bites, cold sores, sore nipples, and all diseases and eruptions of the skin.

YOUNG LADIES

Dr. Flaggs Family Ointment will remove all pimples, blackheads, freckles and other blemishes from your face, leaving the skin soft, and beautiful. No family will be without it after testing its marvelous soothing and healing properties. Sold by Baltzly for 25 cents. 39-cow

Thanks to the ground hog, we shall shall have an early Spring.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administeration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Active, Pushing, Reliable.

Mr. Z. T. Baltzly can always be relied upon to carry in stock the purest and best goods, and sustain the reputation of being active, pushing and reliable, by recommending articles with well established merit and such as are popular. Having the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, colds and coughs, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, lungs, or chest, and in order to prove our claim we ask you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free. 4-y-1

Sam Jones refused to address a gathering of newspaper men at Boston. His work appears to be exclusively among the sinners.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly at 50c and $1 per box. 30-cow

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly. 4-y-1.

New it is said that Blaine does not wish to be President, but to be Secretary of State, where he has a work to do.

Dr. Frazier's Throat & Lung Balsam

Is the greatest cure in the world for coughs, cold, sore throat, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, quinsy, laryngitis, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Scores and hundreds owe their lives to it. It performs wonders in relieving consumption. It strengthens the lungs and instantly allays all irritation of the throat. Never neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam, taken in time, will save your life. It is put up in large family bottles and sells for the small price of 50 cents per bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. 33-cow

The man who helps to build up a town is not the one who spends most of his time watching other fellows playing billiards.

A Deceived Woman

is a lady who uses cosmetics, face lotions white lead, bismuth powders, arsenic, etc., in the belief of enriching and beautifying the complexion. It is but temporary, and ultimately destroys the skin beyond the power of nature to restore. Stop it! Stop it now, and use only Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which imparts the vigor and loviness of youth.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Imparities, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly. 4-y-1

THE BEST medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating easy of application, and one that will by its own action, reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past few years obliges us to admit that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms quickly yield to it.

Here is a pen icture of the leader of the leaders of the cotillion of New York society, as sketched by the *Times*:

Handsome to begin with, although not cast in any heroic mold, he was exquisite as a boquet that comes from the florist's—exactly proportioned, just right in the arrangement of the flowers, sweet smelling and fresh with the ice water that artfully recalls dew glimmering neatly on rose and leaf. His face did not indeed sparkle, but it was fresh colored and the blonde mustache curled with exact care at the right number of inches below the suggestion of a curl on his white forhead. I envied heartily the perfect set of his coat, the unwrinkled line of his trousers, and the little patent leather shoe that coyly peeped below. The upper body was bent at just the right angle at the waist, creasing slightly the starched white waistcoat with gold buttons.

The Massillon INDEPENDENT will soon be twenty-four years old, and is established upon a firm foundation. It is published by Robert P Skinner and Samuel R. Weirich and "speaks out in meetin" in manner corresponding with its name. In its last issue it hauls Representative L. C. Cole, of Stark county, over the coals because that eminent statesman is opposed to graded schools. That's right Give it to him, INDEPENDENT. —*Mansfield News.*

Rheumatism & Neuralgia Cured in 2 Days.

The Indiana Chemical Co. have discovered a compound which acts with truly marvelous rapidity in the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia. We guarantee it to cure any and every case of acute inflammatory rheumatism and neuralgia in 2 Days, and to give immediate relief in chronic cases and effect a speedy cure.

On receipt of 50 cents, in two-cent stamps, we we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound, which can be filled by your home druggist at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if satisfactions is not given.

THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO.,
32-y fr Crawfordsville, Ind.

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The only line running the **celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room Cars Between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.**

Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the **New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars** at a nominal charge, leaving Columbus on the Fast Express at 3:35 p. m. daily, arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis 7 a. m. and Kansas City 7:30 p. m.

No line running through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois can offer such superior facilities or kindly comfort to its patrons. Rates as low as the lowest.

THE SCHEDULE.

Central or 90th Meridian Time.
In effect Nov. 14, 1886.

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A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar U. Depot	Lv	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
11 30	6 40	5 15	**Cleveland**		7 40	8 00	2 15		
11 16	6 26	5 01	" Euclid ave		7 54	8 11	2 30		
11 00	6 10	4 45	" Newburg		8 09	8 29	2 43		
10 30	5 40	4 15	Hudson		8 40	9 00	3 22		
10 13	5 22	3 58	Cuyahoga Falls		8 57	9 17	3 39		
10 00	5 10	3 45	**Akron**		9 12	9 40	3 56		
9 23	4 34	3 12	Warwick		9 37	10 24	4 28		
9 00	4 10	2 52	Orrville	ar	9 57	10 49	4 50		
A. M.							p. m.		
No. 5							No. 6		
P. M.							A. M.		
2 25	2 55	2 45	Orrville	lv	10 02	10 55	10 55		
1 35	2 59	2 06	Millersburg		10 10	12 00	11 51		
12 17	1 39	1 08	Gambier		11 33	1 12	1 26		
12 02	1 30	12 58	Mt. Vernon		11 46	2 00	1 57		
11 17	12 56	12 31	Centerburg		12 09	2 36	2 26		
10 55	12 31		Sunbury			2 02	2 46		
10 35	12 15	11 55	Westerville		12 46	3 26	3 05		
10 10	11 50	11 30	Columbus	ar	1 10	4 00	3 30		
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		
10 09	11 35	11 10	ar Columbus	lv	1 30	4 20	3 50		
8 05	10 00	9 32	Xenia		3 15	6 00	5 30		
6 35	8 36	8 11	Loveland		4 33	7 12	6 49		
5 30	7 45	7 25	lv Cincinnati	ar	5 30	8 00	7 35		
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
.....	11 20	11 10	ar Columbus	lv	.....	4 40	3 55	.....	
.....	9 51	9 43	Urbana		.....	6 06	5 30	.....	
.....	9 01	8 50	Piqua		.....	6 56	6 04	.....	
.....	7 30	7 05	Richmond		.....	9 16	8 00	.....	
.....	4 55	4 30	Indianapolis		.....	12 00	10 20	.....	
.....	2 33	1 51	Terre Haute		.....	2 13	1 42	.....	
.....	12 20	11 35	Effingham		.....	4 15	3 19	.....	
.....	11 22	10 28	Vandalia		.....	5 08	4 48	.....	
.....	9 00	8 00	lv St. Louis	ar	.....	7 30	7 00	.....	
.....	A. M.	P. M.			.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	

Trains 27 and 28 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 7 and 8, known as the Gann and Columbus accommodations, leave Gann at 6:00 a. m., arriving at Columbus at 8:40 a. m.; leave Columbus at 4:30 p. m., arriving at Gann at 7:10 p. m.

Train 9 (Cleveland express) connects with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 10 from Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Train 4 (Orrville Express) connects with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 3 for Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Trains 2, 3, 5 and 6 make connections with P., Ft. W. & C. trains for all points east and west via Orrville.

For further information, address

CHAS. O. WOOD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Akron, O.

TIME TABLE.

P., Ft. W. & C. Railway.

Schedule in Effect January 23, 1887.

Trains depart from MASSILLON station as follows

CENTRAL TIME.

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	2 49	a m
No. 4	Daily except Sunday	3 12	p. m
No. 12	" "	10 11	p. m
No. 10	Daily	9 27	a. m
Local Freight	Daily except Sunday	11 28	a. m

GOING WEST

No. 1	Daily except Sunday	4 14	a. m
No. 9	Daily	11 15	"
No. 7	Daily except Sunday	1 55	p. m
No 3	Daily	5 52	"
Local Freight		7 05	a. m

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Hotel Cars attached to through trains run without change, westbound to Chicago; eastbound to Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. Shoemaker, Ticket Agent, Massillon, Ohio.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.

E. A. FORD,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.
JAMES McCREA,
Manager.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorain	6 55AM	3 45PM	.....	4 00AM
Sheffield	7 05	3 55	.....	4 10
Elyria	7 15	4 05	.....	4 30
Patterson	7 26	4 15	.....	4 45
Grafton ar	7 40	4 30	.....	5 15
Cleveland	6 45	4 00	.....	2 00AM
Grafton lv	8 00	5 05	.....	5 15
Belden	8 08	5 13	.....	5 35
Eharte	8 18	5 21	.....	5 50
York	8 26	5 29	.....	6 00
Medina	8 33	5 35	.....	6 50
Chippewa Lake	8 42	5 46	.....	7 05
Camp Chippewa	8 45	5 49	.....	7 10
Seville	8 53	5 58	.....	7 41
Sterling	9 00	6 05	.....	8 00
Easton	9 15	6 16	.....	8 40
Warwick	9 26	6 26	.....	9 26
Canal Fulton	9 31	6 33	.....	9 50
Pauls	9 42	6 41	.....	10 10
Massillon	9 53	6 55	6 10AM	10 50
Navarre	10 08	7 10	6 25	11 50
Justus	10 13	7 20	6 31	12 00
Beach City	10 21	7 28	6 10	12 15PM
Strasburgh	10 31	7 38	6 52	12 35
Canal Dover	10 42	7 51	7 01	1 00
New Philadel	10 51	8 00	7 16	1 45
Goshen	.....	8 05	7 22	2 00
Tuscarawas	11 03	8 10	7 28	2 28
Urichville ar	11 12	8 20	.....	.....
" lv	11 30	.....	7 35	2 45
Newport	11 38	.....	7 45	3 10
Stillwater	11 48	.....	7 55	3 30
Tipperanoe	11 58	.....	8 05	3 55
Freeport	12 13PM	.....	8 22	4 30
Butler	12 23	.....	8 32	4 55
Clevenger	.....	.....	8 40	5 10
Holloway	12 32	.....	8 42	5 30
Flushing	12 41	.....	8 53	5 55
Lafferty	12 56	.....	9 04	6 30
Bruce	1 03	.....	9 12	6 48
Fairpoint	1 13	.....	9 22	7 05
Maynard	1 23	.....	9 33	7 25
Kibbs	1 29	.....	9 40	7 40
Barton	1 35	.....	9 45	7 50
Pasco	1 45	.....	9 55	8 05
Bridgeport	2 00	.....	10 10	8 30

Ar. Wheeling by Street Car from Bridgeport.

GOING NORTH.

Le. Wheeling by Street Car for Bridgeport.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	Accom.
Bridgeport	.....	11 35am	1 00pm	4 00am
Pasco	.....	11 50	1 15	4 20
Barton	.....	12 00 m	4 25	4 35
Kibbs	.....	12 05	1 30	1 45
Maynard	.....	12 12pm	1 36	5 00
Fairpoint	.....	12 23	1 47	5 20
Bruce	.....	12 32	1 57	5 35
Lafferty	.....	12 41	2 05	5 50
Flushing	.....	12 53	2 17	6 10
Holloway	.....	1 01	2 30	6 30
Clevenger	.....	.....	2 33	6 35
Butler	.....	1 15	2 41	6 50
Freeport	.....	1 26	2 51	7 10
Tippecanoe	.....	1 41	3 08	7 35
Stillwater	.....	1 51	3 18	7 55
Newport	.....	2 00	3 28	8 10
Uhrichsville	2 20 AM	2 20	3 38	8 28
Tuscarawa	2 28	2 28	3 45	8 50
Goshen	2 34	.....	3 51	9 00
New Phila	2 40	2 39	3 57	9 15
C Dover	2 50	2 49	4 06	9 50
Strasburg	3 02	3 00	4 17	10 31
Beach City	3 12	3 11	4 28	11 00
Justus	3 20	3 20	4 37	11 20
Navarre	3 25	3 25	4 42	11 50
Massillon	3 40	3 40	4 55	12 45pm
Pauls	3 51	3 51	.....	1 15
C Fulton	3 59	3 59	.....	1 35
Warwick	4 08	4 08	.....	2 05
Easton	4 19	4 19	.....	2 30
Sterling	4 31	4 35	.....	3 00
Seville	4 41	4 43	.....	3 30
Chippewa L	4 52	4 54	.....	3 55
Medina	5 02	5 05	.....	5 35
York	5 09	5 13	.....	5 55
Eharte	5 18	5 21	.....	6 25
Belden	5 26	5 30	.....	6 40
ar Grafton	5 35	5 40	.....	7 10
Cleveland	9 35am	6 50	.....	10 15pm
le Grafton	8 15	5 50	.....	7 10pm
Patterson	8 56	6 01	.....	7 30
Elyria	9 05	6 10	.....	7 50
Sheffield	9 15	6 20	.....	8 15
Lorain	9 25	6 30pm	.....	8 30

Trains stop on signal for passengers.
All trains daily (Sundays excepted)

CONNECTIONS.

At Cleveland with fast trains for the East and West. Also with Cleveland and Detroit Daily Line Steamers.

(1) At Elyria with L. S. & M. S. Railway for Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, &c.

(2) At Grafton with C. C. C. & I. R'y, for Indianapolis, St. Louis and the West.

(3) At Sterling with N. Y. P. & O. R'y, for Akron, Ashland, Mansfield, &c.

(4) At Warwick with C. A. & C. R'y, for Mt. Vernon and Columbus.

(5) At Massillon with P. F. W. & C. R'y for Canton, Woo

Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL R. WEIRICH.

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SKINNER & WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, - - OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Six Months..... 1.00
Three Months..... .50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1887.

The recent fire seems to have soured the disposition of the Alliance *Standard*.

The hamlet of New Lexington, of course it is in Ohio, is now not orious, for its people have proposed to the Senate to annex the whole of Canada.

A review of the Council proceedings and of a certain citizen's meeting will show that Massillon has not yet changed its name to Bullockville.

The crises and war scares through which Europe yearly passes are thought of as seriously over this country as the shout of the boy who cried "wolves"

General Kennedy is at home, and Senator Conrad is performing his duties at Columbus. Perhaps nothing better could be done than to elect a zealous servant for two years more, to an office which he is now filling so satisfactorily.

When the city gets its share of the Dow law tax it ought to add forty or fifty more electric lights to the plant. Massillon has better lighted streets than ever before, but with the extra money it can afford to be brighter than at present.

There is no occasion to worry over the infirmary building proposed by the county commissioners. They have concluded to submit a proposition to the people, as the law commands. And the people will probably be wise enough to protest against any extravagent plans, and will not object to paying the price of necessary improvements.

The Legislature has been comparatively liberal in its appropriation this year and has given $40,000 to the southern division and $20,000 to the northern division of the Ohio canal. $5,000 to the Hocking and $1,000 to the Walhonding. The northern division of the Ohio canal is the only part of our system which yields a net revenue.

A careful survey of the field satisfies one that the Water Company will not be able to pull the wool over the eyes of the council on the filter question, and the anxious citizens who have been worrying over the matter since the expose in this paper can rest assured that the corporation will be forced to live up to the letter and the spirit of its contract.

The Canton council has done well in taking steps to see that the hose couplings of the Canton fire department are made to fit the hydrants in Massillon, Akron and Alliance also, so that it can effectually help other cities, or be itself assisted. It would be eminently proper for each of the other cities mentioned, to take similar action at once. Too much in this direction cannot be done.

The United States may have a poor navy, and a small army, but it has enough militiamen to whip the world. The militia of this country aggregate 7,658,592 men, who in one week could be under arms, and of whom 94,000 are in a state of organization as thorough as that of the regulars, and with this force, who shall say we have not the grandest and the best kind of an army known to the world.

Henry George the educator, has become Henry George the agitator. Every effort of his since the beginning of the present New York strike has been to inflame the most of his hearers and the readers of his paper. The strikers are not now in a frame of mind to dispassionately study anything, and if Mr. George continues in the course he has taken, it will not be long before his waning influence will sink, and he will be regarded as no bettar than the average blatant demagogue.

The need of a city hall, and the cold facts in regard to the fire department which have been made public time and again, are working a result as the council proceedings show. The resolution asks for money to erect a library hall in connection with a city building. That clause had better be dropped until the library association makes its report. If its aims can be carried out, without expense to the city as a city, Massillon will be much better provided for than if the city undertakes the work.

Massillon people are much agitated over what they allege as extortion in the rates of the water furnished them by the new company, and a public indignation meeting has been called. While in Massillon water comes high, in this place there is no restriction put on consumers, it being understood that there should be no unnecessary waste of the fluid.—*Canton Repository.*

The *Repository* misconstrues the position of the Massillon people. We are absolutely independent of the Water Company. This company is the servant, the tool, of this city. The council can protect us in everything. The holding of the meeting was a cautionary movement to preclude the possibility of that body making any mistake. We expect to have every privilege that Canton or any other city has in the use of our water, which is leased by us, controlled by us, and in no way managed by S. R. Bullock & Co. The city of Massillon, not Bullock & Co., has under construction a complete and extensive system of water works and as a matter of course, as in all big undertakings, there are embarrassing moments: but Massillon expects to have the plant finished according to its own dictates, and expects to use it freely, notwithstanding the child's play of certain employes of the contractors.

THE TEMPEST.

Over a week ago, Mr. C. Delafield, imagining that he had some authority beyond building the Massillon water works, requested the Water Committee of the council to meet with him to look over a schedule of rates. Two members of that committee accepted the invitation. They looked over Mr. Delafield's schedule, but they agreed to it, neither personally nor officially. Even had they been satisfied with it, they had not the legal power to "adopt" it. But it pleased Mr. Delafield, or his son, to assume that it had all been settled and that their high mightinesses, the gentlemen of the Water Company, were to have it all their own way. With consummate something, left to the readers imagination, Mr. C. Edward Delafield, superintendent of the Massillon Water works, factotum of S. R. Bullock & Company, etc., etc., stated to an *American* reporter that this scale had been "adopted."

Gentle reader, the INDEPENDENT was not given this news The INDEPENDENT does not "stand in." The reporter trotted off and printed his little "scoop," without so much as asking leave of the Water Committee, or without even reflecting that the "adoption" of a scale was an impossibility. And the scale was printed.

Now, the citizens were waiting for an oppportunity to hold a meeting, and this afforded an excuse The *American* asks, "Would the citizens' meeting have been held if the rates had not been published?" The INDEPENDENT replies that it probably would. The absence of a filter, which has been proclaimed in these columns, and with the condition of the streets, would, a little later, have brought about the same resnlt. Possibly, as Mr. Huber thinks, the meeting was not as considerate of the council as it ought to have been. But the public was stirred up, and, right or wrong, the meeting was held, and an understanding was reached which will be productive of good. The council will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is backed by the people, when it insists that the contract be carried out.

And we would like to ask the *American*, supposing that it was the instrument which caused the meeting, if it is proud of its claims for this consideration? The "scoop" was interesting. But it was false news. Had it been true, it were bad news. It has reflected upon the integrity of two councilmen, who can never fully stem the tide of public opinion. The publication has been publicly and privately denounced, and people generally believe that the *American* has not the moral courage to call the prices it published exorbitant. Let us ask it again, if it is proud of the part it played?

In speaking of the Water Company, this paper has gone ahead without fear or favor. The excellence of the system have been commended, and the evasions of the contract have been exposed. The truth has been told. There has been no waiting to see what the council would do, or what the people would say, but the effort has been, by private investigation, to give information in advance, not to be a mere mirror of public opinion already expressed.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S BELIEF.

There are those who feel that a donation to a free library is not the wisest use to which money may be put. And it is upon just such as these that the words of an honest, an able, and a hard headed Scotchman may have some effect. Wherever iron is used the name of Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg manufacturer, is known. He came to America a poor boy, endowed only with a a thoughtful head and a kind heart. By thrift and business tact he pushed to the front rank of American manufacturers, where he stands to-day one of the wealthiest, and the most thoroughly respected. As he slowly weighed and balanced every business move, so he considered to what use his money might best be put to do the greatest good to the greatest number. When once he came to a conclusion, he was prompt to act. His broad ideas brought him to the determination that no more noble institution could exist than the free public library.

He himself has offered half a million to the city of Pittsburg, a quarter of a million to the city of Allegheny, and other sums to other cities, for the establishment of libraries. He believes in people helping themselves, and in the case of each gift has insisted that those who are benefited should assume the burden of the current expense. In one of his bright books of travel Mr. Carnegie writes, referring to one of the characters, "There was something of the fairytale in the fact that she had left her native town, poor, . . . to found a home in the great Republic, and was to-day returning in her coach, to be allowed the privilege of linking her name with the annals of her beloved native town, in one of the most enduring forms possible: for whatever agencies for good may rise or fall in the future, it seems certain that the free library is destined to stand and become a never-ceasing foundation of good to all the inhabitants."

Is there now any man in Massillon, who has the means and the spirit to do something for the city in which success has been won, who will not give heed to opinions of such a man as Andrew Carnegie?

RAILROAD MATTERS.

The Huron *Reporter* says that during the year 1886, there were received at Huron 43,165 tons of iron ore, and during the same period there were shipped 54,150 tons of coal. There were also received two cargoes of anthracite coal and three cargoes of lumber, making a total of 101,295 tons of lake freight handled. The total amount of all kinds of freight handled was 211,851,638 pounds, an increase over the preceding year of 135,620,650 pounds. For handling this freight the W. & L. E. company received $82,998,79, an increase of $57,045,50 over the amount received the previous year.

WANTED.

WANTED—By single young man, room in private family, with or without board. Address. Box, 382, Massillon, Ohio.

Road Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Stark county, Ohio, at their March meeting, praying for an alteration in the road between Massillon and Youngstown Hill, where it intersects the Lawrence township line and traversing through the southwest corner of the farm owned by John Jacobs, in Section 36.

THOS. MASTERS.

Chapman, O., Jan 26, 1887.—3311

Notice of Appointment.

(Estate of Carl L. Warthorst, deceased.)

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executrix of the Estate of Carl L. Warthorst, late of Stark County, deceased. Dated this 31st day of December 1886.

MARY C. WARTHORST, Executrix.

31-3t

Pride of the G. A. R. is a long name to remember, but the excellence of the cigar, manufactured by Grass & Graf, which bears it as its name, makes the task easy.

As everybody knows, G. & G is the name, easy to remember, of the best five cent cigar in the market.

Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ANOTHER GREAT CUT

In prices to close out Watkins' stock of

Dry Goods, Cloaks, Boots and Shoes.

THE ENTIRE STOCK, COMPRISING

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH

Of desirable goods, must be sold regardless of cost to quit business.

The sale will commence Saturday, January 15th, and continue until everything is sold.

Attend this sale if you want to save money.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,

No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

WHAT THEY WANT US TO PAY.

There is no necessity for publishing the entire scale of prices proposed by the Water Company. The following, however, are some of the ordinary uses to which public water is put, and the table has been made so that people can see how unreasonable is the "maximum rate" the Massillon Water Company would like to get compared with the rate of other cities:

	Massillon	Canton	Alliance	Cincinnati	Cleveland	Toledo	Mt. Vernon	Akron
Bath tub, public	$12 00		$10 00	6 00	6 25	12 00	5 00	6 25
Bath tub, private	4 00		2 00	3 00	2 50	6 00	2 00	2 50
Dwellings of five rooms with five faucets	22 00	6 00	6 00	3 00	5 00	6 00	3 50	5 00
Stable, private, per horse	3 00	1 00	1	2 50	75	2 40	2 00	1 25
Water closet, private	4 to 8		5 00	1 50	2 50	3 00	2 00	2 50
Water closet, public	12 00		10 00	3 to 9		6 to 18	4 00	6 25

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 150 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

An Ordinance.

To establish Guy Street, in the City of Massillon, Ohio.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Massillon, That the private street running north and south between what is known as Guy E. Grosse's Extension and Pleasant View Addition, is hereb declared to be a public street, and the said street shall be hereforth under the supervision and control of the Street Commissioner of said city.

SEC. 2. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication according to law.

H. HUBER, Pres't.

J. R. WOLFF, City Clerk.

Administrator's Sale.

Twenty thousand dollars worth of choice farming land will be offered at Public Sale, February 18, 1887, at the late residence of S. Old, deceased. Also one Cheese Factory, forty dairy cows, sugar fixtures, farm tools, etc. For particulars call on or address.

O. D. and L. C. Olds, Administrators, Freedom, Portage County, Ohio.

3:-2t

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Leonard Bammerlin. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for allowance.

ROBERT W. McCAUGHEY, Assignee.

January 25, 1887.—32-3t

Notice of Dissolution.

The firm of Seaberg & Co. have this, the seventh day of February dissolved, by mutual consent, Mr. Seaberg retiring from the firm. The business will be known as the West Main Street Market. H. C Royer has entire control.

R. SEABERG. H. C. Royer.

TO THE LADIES!

If you are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgin, nervous exhaustion, dyspepsia, or with diseases of the liver, kidneys, headache or cold feet, swollen or weak ankles, or swollen feet, an Abdominal Belt and a pair of Magnetic Foot Batteries have no superior in the relief and cure of all these complaints. They carry a powerful magnetic force to the seat of the disease.

For lame back, weakness of the spine, falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, chronic inflammation and ulceration of the womb, incidental hemorrhage or flooding, painful, suppressed and irregular menstruation, barrenness, and change of life, this is the best Appliance and Curative Agent Known.

Price of Supporter with Magnetic Foot Batteries, $10. Sent by express C. O. D., and examination allowed, or by mail on receipt of price, and if not found satisfactory even after six months trial they can be returned and money refunded. In ordering, send measure of waist and size of shoe.

They are worn over the underclothing. They hold their power forever.

Send stamp for the "New Departure in Medical Treatment Without Medicine," with thousands of testimonials. Send for circulars. Write us full particulars as regards your difficulties—order direct.

THE MAGNETIC APPLIANCE CO., 134 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Wall Paper!

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and Fine Decorations, Window Curtains, Shade Rollers, Cornices, Poles and Room Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,

Mixed Paint Ready for Use.

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

J. M. Walker,

No. 6 North Erie St., MASSILLON, OHIO.

John Baker Thompson,

Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

JOHN PAUL & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Stone & Coal.

Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street,

Opposite Kitchen's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Sawed Stone on hand at yard.

The Ever Faithful is an old standby with Stark county smokers. Grass & Graf make it, and like all their goods, deserves its reputation.

$20.00

Buys a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

$20.00

Buys a good Chinchilla Overcoat, at

J. C. LOWE'S

Second Floor,

OPERA BLOCK.

HARDWARE!

S. A. Conrad & Co.

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE,

Consisting of a fine selection of

COACH TRIMMINGS.

SADDLERY.

CUTELRY

with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,

Paints, Glass, Etc.,

R. A. PINN,

Real Estate Dealer

—AND—

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 24 East Main Street,

MASSILLON, - - - - - OHIO

House and lot on Akron street, one lot north of State street.

Good farm, 105 acres, well improved, on Canton road.

Three new dwelling houses and one vacant lot on West Tremont street.

The Newstetter house on South East street.

A large lot fronting on West Main street.

Kent Jarvis' Second Addition, below Russell & Co.'s shops:

W. ½ of lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.

Lot No. 6 on Erie street.

E. ½ of lots No. 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.

Lots No. 55, 56, 57 and 58, Edwin street.

W. ½ of lots No. 47 and 48 Dwight street.

One cheap dwelling house in Taylor Clay's addition to Massillon, North of Cherry street.

DR. F. Z. GROFF,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Office and Infirmary near Sippo Station, 3½ miles west of Massillon.

Will treat diseases of all domestic animals, also perform all operations of surgery by the latest improved methods. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Residence connected with Massillon Telephone Exchange, also branch office at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store, where full information can be had at all times, with telephone privileges. Postoffice Sippo, Ohio.

L. L. SHERTZER,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography.

SOUTH ERIE STREET.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

There are twelve barber shops in Massillon.

The first robin of the season was heard on Wednesday.

Mr. C. F. Balfour has organized a singing class at "Sixteen."

The Young Sons of Veterans is the name of Massillon's latest secret society.

Mr. J. C. Lowe has gone to Cleveland to further perfect himself in the art of tailoring.

The German Pioneer's Society dedicated the new hall in the Warwick block on last Monday night.

Adam Volkmor has disposed of twenty-two hundred dollars worth of horseflesh since the first of April last.

The Episcopal dime society will meet at the residence of Mr. H. J. Watkins, on Tremont Street, on this, Friday, evening.

Mr. Uhlendorff has secured the contract to drill for the Massillon Natural Gas Company, and will sink the first well near the Massillon Pottery.

The Iron Valley *Reporter* has its own imagination for authority when it says: Massillon is having a serious time with diphtheria. Three deaths last week.

The river rose rapidly last week, and Tuesday a large part of the low sections of the city was flooded. The water is now subsiding, and the danger is past.

Massillon will either find or pipe natural gas. They are wide awake, know the value of it, and are bound to have it. Good for Massillon.—*Navarre Independent.*

The Hon. Ellis Morrison, the author of our water contract, spent Thursday in the city. He is as hearty and good-humored as ever, and thinks that the dove of peace will soon hover over Massillon.

Harry Miller, a resident of Clinton, while out musk-rat shooting on Tuesday accidentally shot and killed himself. His body fell from the boat in which he sat alone, and was only removed Wednesday evening. He was a young married man.

On Tuesday, at the Warthorst stone quarry, a large piece of stone fell thirty feet, hitting John Bouse upon the head, crushing a part of his skull. Dr. Ridenour removed a circular piece, an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the patient is doing well.

A good many people would like to know why the Second Presbyterian church is called so. Years ago, before the war, there was a Presbyterian church and from internal troubles the organization dissolved. Years after, when the present church was established, in order to distinguish it from the unfortunate first effort, it was styled the Second Presbyterian church.

An elderly sinner who gave his name as William Thompson, was caught by the police in Dr. J. W. Hisey's dental office on Monday night. He was promptly taken into custody, and has since been bound over to court on the charge of burglarly. The man claims that he was drunk, and as he is not bright enough to be a good burglar, his story is very likely correct.

The people on North Erie street have labored long and diligently to influence the Council to put an electric light near the post office, but all to no avail. Moral persuasion being ineffectual, they are now trying ridicule, and have hung a lantern over the middle of the street which nightly casts a weak and fitful glare over the passing throng, and will perhaps do the work which eloquence and argument failed to accomplish.

A fine annual meeting of the Farmers' Protective Society from Horse Thieves was held in Grange hall on Tuesday, for the purpose of electing officers and to amend the constitution. It was decided to have but one director in every township, instead of two, and to issue necessary blanks. There was some talk as to incorporating the society, and it was determined to do so. All the old officers were re-elected, and are as follows: President, J. F. Roth; vice president, J. S. Erb; secretary, N. E. Moffit; treasurer, Jacob Christman; marshal for Wayne, T. A. Keeney; marshal for Stark, C. A. Krider; executive board, G. Stover, J. S. McCoy, and J. R. Byers. There are now over six hundred members in the association, but no losses have yet occurred.

The incorporators and others interested in the establishment of a free public library met in the parlors of the Hotel Conrad Tuesday night, and selected Mr. S. Hunt as chairman. On motion of Mr. R. W. McCaughey, it was determined to proceed with the election of a board of trustees. A discussion followed as to whether the board could legally contain members not incorporators. Mr. Edwin Bayliss settled the matter by moving to amend by electing the nine incorporators as trustees. The motion prevailed. The board will serve for a term of two months, by which time it is supposed that the probabilities of success will be known. The nine trustees are: S. Hunt, F. L. Baldwin, Jos. Coleman, John G. Warwick, R. W. McCaughey, E. Kachler, A. T. Skinner, C. Russell and C. M. Russell. They will meet on Saturday night and elect officers, immediately after which the subscription books will be opened. All connected with the project are encouraged, and the prospects are brighter than ever.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mr. John R. Dangler is in Wichita, Kansas.

Mr. H M. Houser, of Akron, combined business with pleasure and spent last Sunday in this city.

The date of the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Peacock's dancing class has been changed to Wednesday evening, February 16.

On February 3, at the U. B. parsonage, Rev. B. F. Booth married Mr. David E. Alden to Miss Amanda E. Miller, both of Massillon.

Mr. Victor Burnett, who has successfully made the imitation of natural wood finishes a study, has gone to Johnstown, Pa., where he has a contract for work.

Miss Fannie Upham entertained a number of young people on last Saturday evening, in honor of the presence of her friend, Miss Ida Patton, of Canton.

Many will receive the following invitation this week: "Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson invite you to join with them and their children in celebrating their Golden Wedding, Tuesday evening, February 22, from six to eleven o'clock.

The closing event of the Entre Nous club before the Lenten season sets in is announced for Friday evening, February 18, at the armory. Invitations will be extended for this occasion to Canton people who are not members of the club, and club members at Massillon, Akron, Salem and other neighboring points.—*Canton Repository.*

MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

Rev. D. C. Osborne will deliver a lecture in the M. E. Church, Tuesday evening, February 15. Subject—"Marriage, its Sunshine and Shadows." Tickets, 25 cents. Proceeds for the benefit of M E. Church fund.

The Baldwin theatre company has been playing to crowded houses every night this week, at ten and twenty cents, no higher.

The performances are really excellent, and the plays are the best. The same faces may be seen in the audience nightly, a sufficient proof of the quality of the company. The engagement ends on Saturday night. Elegant silver souvenirs are being given away, and the lucky holders of the winning numbers find themselves possessed of articles of real value.

A novel entertainment is to be held in the Presbyterian Chapel on Saturday evening, February 12, when the Chinese Students Company will appear with their great exhibition of Chinese wonders and curiosities. Seid Ding, Lang Fong, and Chwa Barke are real Chinamen, from Canton. They are intelligent representatives of the race, and at the entertainment appear dressed in rich oriental costumes, with their queues, and give an entertaining performance, distinctly "Oriental," showing the singular and wonderful customs that have existed for many centuries, and still prevail in their country. The exhibit opens at 7 o'clock. The concert begins at 8:15. Tickets are now on sale at J. V. R. Skinner's book store.

TRICHINA POISONING.

Two Fatal Cases Near Mt. Eaton.

Every one reads with horror of the many cases of trichina poisoning, yet feel satisfied that such trouble will never come home to them. But now, close at hand, come two instances of death from eating underdone and diseased pork, and it will undoubtedly do a great deal towards making people more careful to select good meat, and have it thoroughly cooked. The cases mentioned occurred in the family of Frederick Graber, a farmer living near Mt. Eaton, and he and his son were the victims, and at the same time eight members of the family were ill.

Dr. Roth, the physician in attendance, having no microscope, brought a piece of the salt side meat, from which the family had eaten, and gave it to Dr. A P. L. Pease, of this city, who has an instrument magnifying six hundred diameters.

The doctor mounted many specimens, and in every case found them teeming with trichinæ spiralis. Many visitors at his office were favored with an examination of these parasites, which only develop when they enter the system. There they mature, breed millions of their kind, and literally destroy the muscles of the body.

The Fourth Lecture of the Course.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the distinguished author, lectured to the subscribers of the U. C. D. course last Saturday night upon the subject "Give us a Rest."

Though another subject had been announced, the change was not regretted, as the audience by its deep attention conclusively showed. The lecture was in the nature of a surprise, as it was by all odds the most brilliant of the course.

The speaker aimed at that great American habit of hurrying, to which he attributed many of our social evils.

The lecture was not simply interesting, it was witty and wise, every sentence meant something, and even though his hearers could not always agree, they could not help but admire. Miss Kate Field will be the next lecturer.

The Widow is the suggestive name of one of Grass & Graf's very best brands. It is a five cent article and a little better than the best.

A FINE MEETING.

The First Step Toward a City Hall.

The Citizens' Committee Addresses the Council, and President Huber Makes a Pithy Reply.

Mr. Williams was the only Councilman absent Wednesday night. The lobby was pretty well filled, and the whole session was interesting.

A number of Street Commissioner's reports were read, and referred.

L. A. Koons and others asked that the sidewalks on Clay street, between Main and Cherry, be made passable. Referred.

ORDINANCES.

The ordinance granting the right of way to the Massillon Natural Gas Company was read the second time.

The ordinance regulating liquor selling, which will also have the effect of closing the variety theaters, was read the second time. Mr. Liegbley moved the suspension of the rules. His motion was lost. Rink and Volkmor dissenting.

An ordinance establishing the office of City Engineer, and making his selection one of the duties of the Council was introduced. Heretofore the Engineer had been elected by the popular vote.

An ordinance accepting Dr. Watson's addition to the city was read the first time.

An ordinance accepting Katharine Martin's addition to the city was introduced.

REPORT.

The Committee reported the Street Commissioner's report of the expense of the work done the week ending November 13, amounting to $37.00, as correct. On motion the amount was properly entered.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Mr. Snyder. Be it resolved by the council of the city of Massillon, that our State Senator and Representatives at Columbus, be, and are hereby requested to have an act passed permitting the city of Massillon to submit to a vote of the electors at the spring election, the question of issuing bonds not to exceed the sum of $40,000.00 for the purpose of erecting a city building, for the use of the fire department, the city officers and a public library.

Mr. Jarvis moved the adoption of the resolution. Carried unanimously.

By Mr. Jarvis, requesting the City Solicitor to urge the Legislature to enact a law to allow cities to pass ordinances compelling railways to put up guard gates at all street crossings, or wherever needed for public safety.

On motion of Snyder the resolution was adopted without dissent.

BILLS PAID.

G. M. Richardson	$ 15 00
C. Baatz	40 00
J. C. Pepper	50 00
C. Maier	50 00
T. Hagan	50 00
M. Elsass	40 00
Mrs. J. Clark	25 00
M. Baughman	15 10
L. Limbach	31 50
West Massillon Coal Co.	11 92
A. D. Volkmor	18 85
Electric Light Co	341 66
Gas Co.	13 90
Gas Co.	15 45
Total	$793.65

BILLS REFERRED.

J. Fritz	$18 40
G. Reese	2 10
Snyder & Sellworm	1 40
Hemperly & Jacobs	66 95
Total	$92 85

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Huber suggested that there were various crossings so muddy that children could not get to school. On motion of Mr. Snyder the commissioner was ordered to put them in shape.

Mr. Oehler moved that the bad walks in front of property owned by Messrs. Pease, Willaman, Wetter, Thompson, Geese and the city, be ordered repaired. Carried.

Mr. Oehler suggested that the Water Company had damaged the working of a sewer on South street. C. Ed Delafield spoke up from the lobby and said that it would be fixed at once.

Mr. James R. Dunn, in behalf of the Citizens' Water Committee, then addressed the Council. He said that the committee had no complaints to make. They came in good faith, wishing to call attention to certain clauses in the water contract, and to ask only that they be strictly enforced. These clauses referred to the filtration of the water, the schedule of rates, and the repair of streets. On the last point he said that there was just reason for complaint. He called the contract a good one, which could not be improved. The protection to the city would be ample if only the contract would be fulfilled, and he pledged the moral and physical backing of the citizens in case the council had difficulty in holding the Water Company to its bargain.

President Huber spoke in reply. He said that the condition of the streets had often been spoken of at council meetings, and the company had promised time and again to fix them, but excuses had come up for not so doing. But he assured all that the work would not be accepted until the streets were made good. He stated that the council had been waiting for the company to come and say "we have completed the water works and want you to accept them." Nothing had been authorized, and Mr. Huber said that he felt as though the citizens had anticipated the action of the council.

Mr. Killinger interrupted to explain this anticipation as resulting from the publication of the rates as "adopted."

Mr. Huber continued. He had been present at every council meeting, with one or two exceptions, for two years, and he challenges any one to find any record of anything being adopted. He stood up for the interest of the city, and did not want any one to think that he was for sale.

Mr. Coleman said that the citizens had no fault to find, nor did they mean to cast any reflections.

President Huber remarked that he hoped that when the matter did come up for settlement that every one of the Citizens' Committee would be on hand.

Mr. Dunn thanked everybody for their kind attention to the committee.

In President Huber's final words he said that the points of the contract had been published and enlarged upon, from time to time. He would like to see the people take an interest in all city affairs, such as they had taken in the water works. Then, perhaps better councilmen would be elected, men who did not require any guardian to control them.

Mr. Snyder moved that N. H. Willaman be allowed to grade a portion of Green street. Carried.

Mr. Snyder, one of the members of the Water Committee, whom the *American* refers to as having helped to adopt the obnoxious schedule, rose and repudiated the whole thing. He had not agreed to any schedule, and the published statement that he had was, to say the least unwarranted.

Mr. Oehler, the other member of the Water Committee, corroborated all that, Mr. Snyder said. With this explanation the council adjourned.

INDIGNANT CITIZENS

Talk About the Water Company.

The Rights of the City Are Yet Safe, and Will be Made Secure.

People generally were very glad to see on Monday morning announcements on every window, stating that a citizens' meeting would be held the same evening in the Council Chamber to discuss the Water Company, its omissions and commissions, and they came, too. It all came about in this way. The Water Company announced that in connection with the Council water committee they had agreed upon, or "adopted," a schedule of rates. The fact, was, however, no rates had been adopted, nor could rates be adopted by anybody except the Council. But never mind, the announcement made people just as mad. The Company had shown its hand, and the people saw its disposition. So the meeting was called to advise the Council as to its future actions.

Mr. Clement Russell presided, and vigorously sided with the people and with the right. Mr. F. H. Killinger was made secretary. Mr. Dunn, who had seen Mr. C. Edward Delafield, reported Mr. Delafield's view of the schedule. That gentleman called it a "maximum schedule," and says consumers can get better, or "special," rates by calling on the Company and bargaining with them. In other words, the Company wants to retain the right to legally rob its patrons if it so desires.

Mr. Russell laughed at the idea of expecting any mercy from a corporation with such power vested in it. "They will charge you the maximum rate every time," said he. He urged that the Council should fix, as by its contract it may, a fair and equitable rate, to be strictly adhered to.

Councilman Snyder repudiated the article in the *American* in which it was stated that he had agreed to the table of rates.

The contract was then read, and it became evident that Chief Engineer Delafield had no authority whatever in the fixing of the charges, and that a filter must be built.

Mr. Ryder moved that the Council be requested to have the contract printed in the city papers. The motion was carried.

Upon motion, the old citizens' committee, consisting of Messrs. Howells, Ricks, Snyder and Koontz, was increased by four members, and instructed to consult with the Council and see to the fulfillment of the spirit and letter of the contract. The chairman appointed Messrs. Dunn, Coleman, Killinger and Dr Reed to act with the old committee.

Mr. Reinoehl made some terse remarks proving that it was the height of impudence on the part of the Water Company to say a word about rates.

The filter question, which the INDEPENDENT opened, was fully discussed. Mr. Delafield's statement that no real filter had ever been constructed was ridiculed. Dr. Miller, the President of the State Board of Health, stated, in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of his hearers, that a practical filter could be constructed.

Mr. Russell congratulated everybody on the good results of the meeting, advised that every movement of the company be watched until the acceptance of the works, and the meeting then adjourned.

Removed.

J. W. Hisey has moved his Dental Rooms to rooms over Conrad's Hardware Store, East Main street. 33-4t.

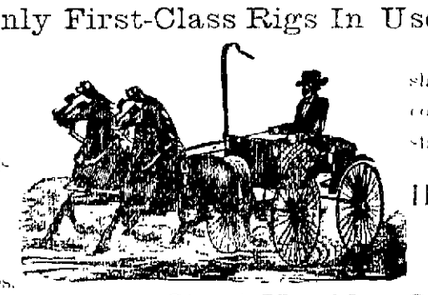
The Promenade is a good cigar, and no one can help liking it, who tries it once. Grass & Graf only make it.

Twenty thousand dollars worth of choice farming land, located near Freedom, Portage county, will be sold at administrator's sale by A. D. and S. C. Olds, on February 18.

Final clearance sale of balance of Watkins' stock of dry goods and shoes.

COLEMAN,
THE RELIABLE JEWELER,
HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF
OPTICAL GOODS,
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber Shell and Zylonite Frames.
WE CAN SUIT YOU.
Prices Lower than the Lowest.
Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Gold Pens, Musical Instruments, Etc.
COLEMAN'S, 5 Erie Street.

REMOVED.
"The Rialto" has moved from North Mill Street to Reeves' Block, East Tremont street, where can be found a large assortment of
FINE CONFECTIONS,
Patent and Proprietary Medicines. Call and see prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Choice brands of cigars on sale at the
THE RIALTO,
Reeves' Block, East Tremont Street,
MASSILLON, - - - - - - OHIO.

A. D. VOLKMOR,
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
Only First-Class Rigs In Use.
Handsome Coaches For Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
A FULL LINE OF Fine Carriages and Buggies.

A horse shoeing shop is managed in connection with the stable.
Horses Bought and Sold.
No. 15 Factory Street, Massillon, Ohio.

J. V. R. SKINNER,
Wall Paper!
New Spring Styles.
We have a special line of
Elegant Bronze Papers For 25c per Roll.
These are not old patterns, but fresh NEW GOODS. Call and see them.
Dado Shades, best quality of oil cloth mounted on a
Hartshorn Spring Roller, 60 Cents.
J. V. R. SKINNER.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.
We desire to locate in this city an agency for our Clothing Order Department. A first-class, competent party can arrange for a large and profitable trade. A pleasant and convenient adjunct to any other established business. No risk to agent. Address
JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelph.a.

Grass & Graf, the enterprising cigar-manufacturers, are rapidly increasing their already large patronage, and they well deserve the success with which they are meeting.

Attend our great closing out sale for bargains in dry goods, cloaks and shoes.
A. L. WATKINS & Co.

W. H. McCALL & CO.,
DRUGGISTS.
DEALERS IN
Blank Books,
Stationery,
Perfumery,
Toilet Soaps,
AND A COMPLETE LINE OF
Druggists' Sundries.
No. 9 South Erie St.

Now Ready!
Holiday Goods.
An invitation is extended to the public to call at the
OPERA HOUSE
Drug and Book Store,
and inspect our immense line of
Holiday Goods,
at prices lower than ever.
Z. T. BALTZLY.

Closing out our entire stock to quit business.
A. L. WATKINS & Co.

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FORT DONELSON.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Great Siege.

THE STORY TOLD ONCE MORE

When, Where and How the Famous Battle Was Fought.

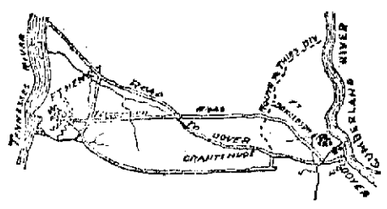
Men Who Afterward Became Distinguished That Took Part in It—Political Leaders, Senators, Governors and Presidents That Were to Be—"Either Side Ready to Give Up"—From Henry to Donelson—The Sortie That Failed. Blue and Gray.

Once again the young people gather around and listen while veteran lips tell the story of Fort Donelson. That story was made twenty-five years ago this February.

The writers and raconteurs have preserved the history more faithfully than the map makers have. Neither Fort Henry nor Fort Donelson is marked upon the new Atlases. Nature herself has not obliterated their traces so speedily. The trees yet stand as scarred veterans of the mighty fight. Bullet mark, stump and broken limb are yet to be seen when in winter they are naked of kindly leaf and vine.

THE PREPARATION.

Turn to your map. You will see that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers run through the state of Kentucky parallel, like twin sisters. They empty into the Ohio not far apart. They come near together first inside the Tennessee line, and flow through that state close beside each other. The Tennessee forms part of the boundary between the two states for some distance. On the Tennessee side, just opposite where the corner of Kentucky begins, was Fort Henry. Twelve miles across from it, slightly north of east, was Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. Henry was on the right bank of the Tennessee, while Donelson was on the left bank of the Cumberland.



HENRY AND DONELSON.

Henry and Donelson were important Confederate stations. Henry was captured Feb. 6, 1862. A rising young brigadier general, named Ulysses S. Grant, was at the head of the force that took it. The victory called for the first time the attention of the country to this officer. The victory at Fort Henry, too, was, strictly speaking, the beginning of the turning of the tide in favor of the north. A gloom like the fog of a winter's day had been on the country till then. Men in the north were sighing for a hero—a man who should be strong enough to take the head of affairs and turn heart sickening failure into victory.

The hero was developing, though they knew it not. He who was to lift the cloud was the silent man that, even in the midst of the victory of Fort Donelson, was "too busy to write a word."

A notable point is the shortness of Grant's dispatches at all times. A few messages, of not many lines, to his superior officer tell the story of both Henry and Donelson. Gen. Halleck, then at St. Louis, was in command of the department of the Missouri. Grant dispatched Halleck, Feb. 6, that Fort Henry had fallen. He added these words:

"I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry."

But he had undertaken a larger contract than even he could fill in the time he proposed. The freshets and overflows, which always work such mischief in the south and west, prevented, for one thing. The roads leading to Donelson were a sea of mud. By the backwater of creeks on each side of the fort there was a sea of water two miles inland from the fort.

The Cumberland runs north at the point selected for Fort Donelson. About a mile south of the fort, up the river, is the little town of Dover. This hamlet was the headquarters of the Confederate general, Gideon J. Pillow, during the siege. It was in Dover that the last Confederate council of war between Gens. Floyd, Pillow, Buckner, Col. N. B. Forrest and others took place, previous to the surrender of the fort to Grant. Below Fort Donelson, on the north, Hickman's creek emptied into the Cumberland. It was overflowed for miles, the water up to a horse's breast. Grant could not attack the fort from that side. On the other hand, however, in case the Confederates, being hard pressed, wished to make a sally out from the fort and escape by the Fort Henry road, as, in fact, they did wish to do, this overflowed creek would prevent them. So, on the whole, the backwater of Hickman's creek was an advantage to both besieger and besieged. Above Fort Donelson, and between that and Dover, was another stream of water, Indian creek, also overflowed.

Mud! There was never anything like it. It was "half leg deep," as specially mentioned in Confederate official dispatches. Grant's soldiers fairly waded in mud "up to their eyes" when they marched from Fort Henry to besiege Dover and Donelson. It flew from the horses' hoofs like rain and peppered man and beast, when the cavalry splashed hither and thither, in the vain fancy that they were trotting. It rolled from the gun carriage wheels and fell in huge masses at every turn the artillery made.

It must be remembered that it was Grant, brigadier general, who had urged the reduction of Forts Henry and Donelson. The object to be gained by it was the clearing of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and the occupation of Tennessee and its lines of railway. Grant was at Cairo and repeatedly urged Halleck to let him visit St. Louis. Leave was at length given. Grant visited his superior and began to unfold his plan for the capture of the two forts. But Halleck silenced him at once and snubbed him sharply.

Judge Force, in his book, says that Grant "returned to Cairo believing his commander thought him guilty of proposing a military blunder." And yet he persisted, importuning again and again. Flag Officer Andrew H. Foote, of the Mississippi squadron, urged the same, and begged Halleck's permission to let him and Grant move on Henry and Donelson. It was at length given, and Feb. 2 Foote and Grant, infantry and cavalry forces united, started up the Tennessee to Fort Henry, with 17,500 men and seven gunboats.

Fort Henry fell on the 6th. The Sunday after Commander Foote took his place in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Cairo and preached an eloquent sermon on the text: "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Then he came down from the pulpit and made ready his boats for the expedition against Donelson, which surrendered Feb. 16, just one week from that Sunday morning.

Engineers of the Confederate service agree that the site of Fort Donelson was badly chosen. It stood upon a river bluff. The situation was elevated, to be sure, but there was a ring of hills around it, at from one to five miles distance. These hills were, higher than the bluff upon which the fort was, and convenient for the enemy to plant guns upon.

THE DEFENSES OF FORT DONELSON.

The bluff upon which Donelson stood was 100 feet high. The fort itself was what was called in military language a bastioned earthwork, with angles like star points projecting from the main inclosure outward, and protected by walls of heavy earthworks. It was so situated that its guns commanded the river as far as they could carry. Two water batteries were erected on the slope of the bluff toward the river. The larger battery was the one nearest the shore. It had for armament a 10-inch Columbiad and nine 32-pound guns. The upper battery was supplied with two 32-pounders and one rifled cannon which carried a conical ball of 128 pounds. The water batteries were built by Lieut. Col. J. F. Gilmer, chief engineer of the western department of the Confederate army. They were constructed after the fall of Fort Henry. As soon as that point was captured the whole available Confederate force in that region was concentrated at Donelson.

The line of batteries was extended so as to take in Dover, where stores of food and ammunition were. In and out, through salient and re-entrant angle, for two miles and a half, the tracery of earthworks and guns went.

Besides that, the fortifications were protected with bristling abatis. It was a wooded region, full of "black jack" oak and other woods. The scrub oaks were felled, their branches sharpened at the point and then laid and the trees were fastened upon the ground, sharpened points outward, in what seemed an impenetrable abatis. To get at Fort Donelson the Union troops were obliged to go up hill over these sharpened points in the face of marksmen whose aim was yet sharper.

On the east, the river protected the works.

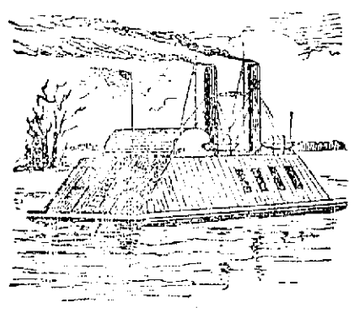
Such were the defenses of Donelson.

Lieut. Col. Gilmer says that the effective fighting force within the fort was 15,000. Up to the time the siege began it was commanded by Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson. He was reenforced successively by Gens. Pillow, Clarke, Floyd and Buckner, with several thousand men each. Gen. J. B. Floyd was the officer highest in rank and had command.

FOOTE'S FLOTILLA.

The Union gunboats had done great service at Henry. At Donelson the fleet did not distinguish itself greatly, except by convoying transports containing troops.

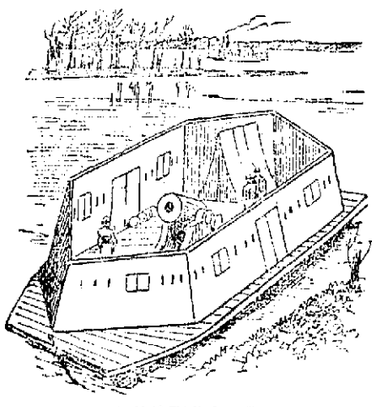
While Grant, with 15,000 men, plowed across the land sea between Henry and Donelson by land, he sent Foote with six gunboats around by water. They were obliged to go down the Tennessee and up the Ohio a short distance to the mouth of the Cumberland to Fort Donelson. Foote had to make a circuit of 150 miles to go twelve.



THE CARONDELET.

The Carondelet is a good illustration of the old-fashioned gunboat. It was the first to arrive on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 13. It opened fire. It may be mentioned that the old Carondelet, with the same commander, Capt. Walke, was also the first to afterward pass down the river under the batteries at Vicksburg.

The rest of Foote's fleet with the transports, containing six regiments of soldiers, arrived Thursday evening. Friday morning the Presbyterian flag officer opened fire from his fleet of six gunboats, four ironclads and two wooden ones. There was a severe fight of an hour and a half, which did not result in a brilliant success for the fleet. The boats engaged were the ironclads St. Louis, Carondelet, Louisville and Pittsburg, and the wooden boats Tyler and Conestoga. Four of the boats were disabled. The first fire from the Carondelet had disabled one of the 32-pounders in the water batteries. The same shot instantly killed Lieut. Joseph Dixon, a brave Confederate officer and the accomplished local engineer who had assisted in preparing the defenses of Donelson. That was about the only damage apparently done by the fleet. Then Commander Foote drew off the remains of it and dropped down out of range.



A MORTAR BOAT.

The mortar boat got its name from the gun it carried. First a heavy wooden float was built. Upon it were erected very thick wooden walls. These sloped inward and were about eight feet high. They were plated with heavy iron. Inside was a single heavy mortar, with ammunition below the water line. There was also a tent for the gunners within the walls.

These mortar boats were considered formidable twenty-five years ago. But such is the improvement made since then in destructive warfare that one shot from even a moderate sized gun of the kind now made would knock an old fashioned mortar boat into flinders.

One youthful Confederate gunner distinguished himself gallantly at the lower water battery at Fort Donelson. While Foote's gunboats were peppering the batteries to the right and left, this youth, John G. Frequa, stood perfectly straight at his gun, taking aim and firing as coolly as if he had been squirrel hunting.

"Now, boys," said he, "see me take a chimney."

He aimed at the smokestack of an advancing gunboat. It fell, carrying with it the flag. Frequa threw his cap in the air, yelling defiantly.

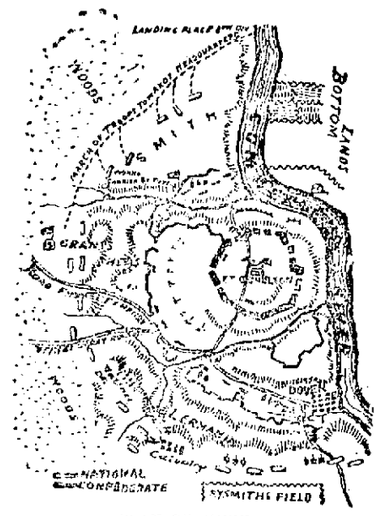
Again the nervy boy took aim, clear and straight. Shortly he sent a ball directly through a porthole, and then the gunboat fell back disabled. The portholes of the boats were quite large.

FOUR DAYS' FIGHTING.

To tell the truth, army officers do not always write the clearest English, not even, alas! regular army officers.

It is difficult, therefore, for the historian to gather from the colonels' and brigadier generals' reports, just how a battle was fought and how and where the troops stood. Grant's reports and orders, what there are of them, are models of clearness, brevity and simplicity. From these we gain more clear-headed knowledge than from most of the rest.

Immediately on the fall of Fort Henry, Gen. Halleck began forwarding fresh troops and supplies as fast as possible for the reduction of Donelson. Boys, on whose cheeks the rose had not yet given place to fan, regiments, as Judge Force says, "so freshly formed that they had hardly changed their civil garb for soldier's uniform," were hurried to the front to help out Grant at Donelson.



PLAN OF SIEGE.

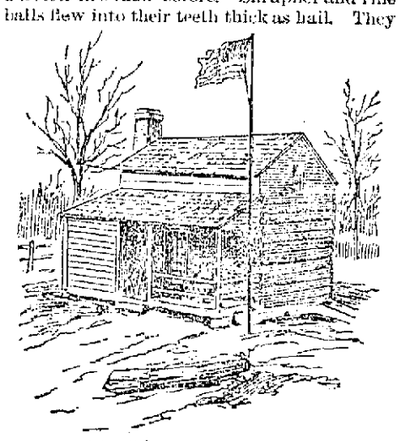
Feb. 11, 1862, the general order was given Grant's men to march from Henry to Donelson. There were two roads; one, the Wynn's Ferry road, leading to Dover south of Fort Donelson, the other north of it some distance. The two came together not far from the fort, the northern road leading directly to the fort.

Along these two roads the men marched, starting the morning of Feb. 12. The First and Second divisions moved forward. The First division was commanded by Gen. John A. McClernand, the Second by Gen. C. F. Smith. They moved forward, McClernand's division by the right hand or southerly road, Smith's by the northerly or left hand road. They came together two and one-half miles from Donelson. McClernand's forces took the right wing south of Donelson, Smith's the left wing north of Donelson. Later word was sent to Gen. Lew Wallace, who had remained at Fort Henry, to bring up the Third division. He arrived on the 14th (Friday) and took position with his division in the center.

Thus the Federal forces invested Donelson in form of a crescent. A diagram of their position would show them as follows:

Smith's division.
Wallace's division. Donelson.
McClernand's division.

There was some skirmishing on the evening of the 12th between the pickets of the two armies. On the 13th the battle began in earnest. Col. Wm. R. Morrison, of the Forty-ninth regiment of Illinois Volunteers, had charge of a brigade that day in McClernand's division. His brigade had some of the toughest work of the whole Donelson fight. Their work was to assault Maney's battery, on the Confederate left, at once the most conspicuous and inaccessible of the entire line of works. They started to climb up hill over the tangled and terrible "black jack" abatis. A double fire of battery and infantry raked them fore and aft. Once they fell back, and were reenforced. Four regiments started up the hill a second time. They were met with a hotter fire than before. Shrapnel and rifle balls flew into their teeth thick as hail. They



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

forced their way farther up the abatis, then wavered and fell back once more.

A curious fact added to the complications of the fight at Donelson. The Confederate forces were largely uniformed in brown jeans. The dead leaves of the scrub oak were almost the exact color of this cloth. The Federal forces, therefore, in climbing the abatis, could not tell what was leaves and what was Confederate soldiers till a line of fire in their faces told them the difference.

The third time Morrison's brigade stormed the heights. This time they climbed quite to the rifle pits. The fire in front of them was one sheet of fire, awful and deadly. Just then a musket ball struck Col. Morrison in the hip. The future Illinois political leader reeled in his saddle and then fell to the ground. That ended the desperate assault, and Maney's battery remained untaken.

Another of the curious incidents of war, and a sad one, happened here. The flashes from the guns set fire to the thickly clustering dead leaves. They flamed up like dry straw, consuming the dead, dying and wounded soldiers who lay about in some spots as thickly as the leaves themselves. A considerable number of the helpless ones were burned to death. Col. Heiman, who had distinguished himself at Fort Henry, was in command of the Confederates at Maney's battery. His men leaped over in front of their works, after the assault, and saved such as they could.

So the night of Thursday, the 13th, came and were away. Up to the arrival of Lew Wallace, on Friday, the Federal forces engaged numbered only 15,000 men. The enemy did not know it, but they were without supplies. The roads were too heavy to transport food and munitions, and these had been sent around by water. The morning of the 14th the Union soldiers were absolutely without food.

During the night a storm of snow and sleet came on. It was terrible. The men had not dared to sleep during the night. They could not build fires, for these would have been merely so many targets for musketry and artillery from the fort. There were no shelter tents for them. Dawn found them numb and stiff with the cold, their clothing wet through to the skin and frozen on their backs. Col. Crafts J. Wright, Thirteenth Missouri, sat upon a log wrapped in his blanket till 3 o'clock in the morning.

So the Federal soldiers stood the night through. At dawn the light began to shine upon a bitterly cold day. Fires were built toward the rear then, and companies, in turn relieving one another, went back and thawed their frozen garments and made coffee.

But they had no food, not a bite. Their only breakfast was coffee, and thus they made ready to face the day.

For the Confederates in the fort it was not a whit more comfortable. They lay upon their arms all night in the trenches. And yet nobody on either side was disheartened. The Confederate soldiers were full of fight and enthusiasm. At noon the Federal Gen. Lew Wallace and his Third division of mingled veterans and raw recruits arrived into camp in the center with cheers and songs and bugles sounding. Gen. Wallace rode immediately to Grant's headquarters and dined with him on crackers and coffee. The general was nearly as badly off as his men.

It was this day that the interchange of courtesies between the fleet and the fort took place.

Meantime there was not much fighting on land. Re-enforcements were arriving for Grant, and were being posted.

Grant's troops were distributed over a line nearly four miles long. His own headquarters were at the log house of Mrs. Crisp, two miles from Dover, at the head of Hickman creek. It was a little to the left of the center of his army, and between the divisions of Lew Wallace and Gen. C. F. Smith.

So having arranged matters to suit him, Grant sat down in the midst of his blue crescent of soldiers to starve out Fort Donelson.

On their part, the Confederate generals inside the fort were quite aware of their peril. The night of the 14th Gens. Floyd, Pillow and Buckner held a council and resolved to cut their way out of the fort through the Federal lines next morning. Ten thousand troops were set apart for this grand sortie. The Confederates too had been re-enforced. Brig. Gen. Floyd was the last to arrive, on the morning of the 15th, with 4,000 men.

THE GRAND SORTIE.

In the Confederate council the night of the 14th it was determined that the force in the fort should attempt to cut its way out on the Federal right, through McClernand's division. Driving this division back, it was to be made to roll over upon Wallace's division in the center, thus leaving the Wynn's Ferry road clear. By that road the Confederates were to escape to Charlotte, Tenn. Pillow, with infantry and cavalry, was to make the attack on the Federal extreme right, near the river. Buckner was to follow immediately after, and do for Lew Wallace's division in the center.

That was the plan.

GEN. BUCKNER, C. S. A.

Pillow said he expected to "roll the enemy (McClernand's division) in full retreat over upon Gen. Buckner, when, by attack in flank and rear, they could cut up the enemy and put him completely to rout."

Pillow's attack was sudden and furious. Reveille was just sounding in McClernand's camp, and the troops were not under arms when the onset was made. There was confusion, there was danger that the whole right wing of the Federal army would be routed. In a few minutes though, in scarcely more time than it takes to write it, McClernand's men, gun in hand, had their faces toward the foe.

The account of the fierce onset and shock, and its reception by the Federal soldiers, read like some of Cæsar's battles with the Gauls. Gen. Oglesby, of Illinois, who commanded a brigade on the right, received the first tremendous attack. His men returned fire till their ammunition gave out. They snatched up the cartridge boxes from the dead and dying and poured their contents into the foe till that too gave out. Then Col. W. H. L. Wallace's brigade went to the rescue. That at length quailed before the "trebly thundering" attack. A lamented statesman, who has lately passed to the realm of the unseen, distinguished himself gallantly here. He was then colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois and his name was John A. Logan. He was here and there and everywhere in that battle, showering electric words upon his men, his dark face lit with excitement, his eye shining like an eagle's. By the magnetism of his personal influence he prevented a panic and a rout early in the day.

McClernand's division, with Taylor's, Dresser's and McAllister's batteries of light artillery, met the Confederate onset bravely and well. To the right of Oglesby still was Gen. McArthur, nearest the river. He had been ordered there the night before, with troops who had had no food all day. They passed the night in the snow and sleet, without fires or shelter. Gen. McArthur had had no time to become acquainted with the nature of the ground. He only knew that he faced Fort Donelson. The Confederate design was to make a dash and get cavalry in his rear, and then with cavalry to rear of him, infantry before, he would be powerless.

Soldiers do not always find it easy to fight on a full stomach, but McArthur's men had fasted thirty-six hours. In this state of hunger they were when they heard at 5 o'clock in the morning the firing on Oglesby on their left. As soon as it was heard, without waiting for orders, McArthur formed his empty stomached men in line of battle. They took a lively hand in the fight. But presently a worse trouble than empty stomachs confronted them, and that was empty cartridge boxes. Before that obstacle they were indeed powerless, and so the brigade fell back some hundreds of yards to the rear and took up a new position. It is sufficient to say of them that toward night they got one square meal, and then moved over to the left of the Federal forces to support the troops fighting there.

The morning progressed. It began to look indeed as if Pillow was going to carry out his threat to "roll the enemy over." McArthur's brigade had crumbled away. So had Oglesby's. McClernand's division was in the gravest danger. In the center, Lew Wallace, with the Third division, was lying inactive. His orders were to act on the defensive and watch the Confederates to prevent their escaping his way.

Pillow's division, in deploying, spread wider and wider, and more and more toward Lew Wallace. McClernand's division began to waver. Three Confederate batteries, Maney's, Porter's and Graves', poured a steady fire into it. Buckner was advancing, too, with his

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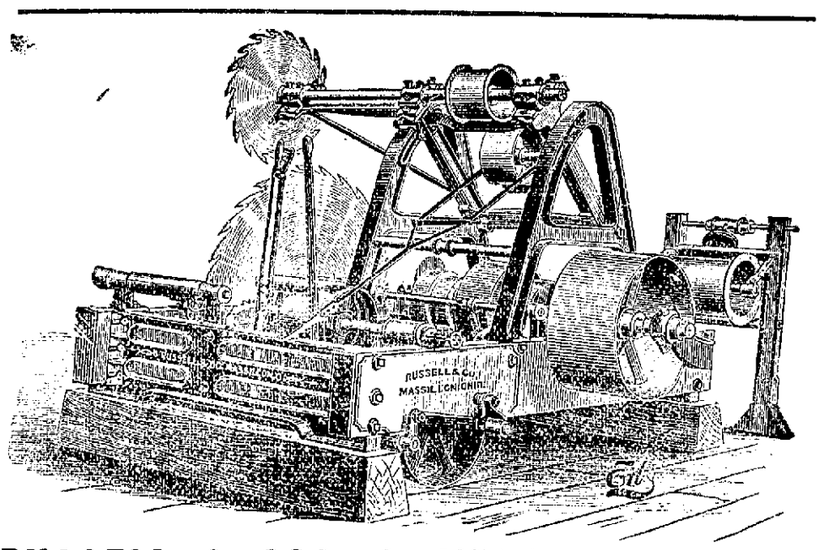

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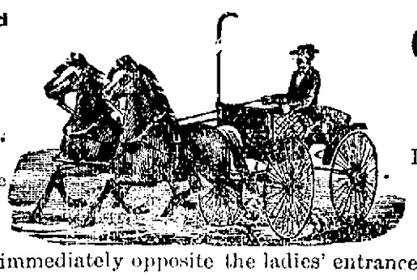

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men, with Forrest's cavalry flitting about the outskirts.

The three Federal batteries had exhausted their ammunition. Taylor's alone had fired that morning 1,700 rounds. Buckner had ordered an advance of three regiments before noon. They had been met with a blinding fire from Col. W. H. L. Wallace's brigade. Snow flying in the air confused them so that they could not see their way besides, and they fell back to their entrenchments in disorder.

But presently Buckner gathered his forces and came gallantly on again.

McClernand sent word to Lew Wallace to aid him. In the absence of positive orders from headquarters Wallace declined to move.

The place grew hotter and hotter. Col. John A. Logan was wounded. McClernand again sent word to Wallace, and this time Wallace ordered forward Col. Cruft's brigade, the first in his division. Here an unfortunate mistake occurred, and several regiments of Federal soldiers fired into each other, doing serious damage. Cruft's brigade took the places of McArthur's exhausted men. Cruft's men fought gallantly, but at length fell back some distance and took up position near the hospital.

When Logan was wounded he suggested to Col. T. E. G. Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois, to take his place with the Eleventh. Ransom, too, had been wounded, but had had his wound dressed. Both were heroes that day. Logan's regiment was quite out of ammunition, therefore forced to fall back, when its commander went to have his wound dressed. The Thirty-first marched back for ammunition, leaving the Eleventh alone in the fray. But the Eleventh was attacked not only in front, but on both flanks, and finally broke and retreated.

Gen. Wallace still waited, with his division in line, for orders from Grant. McClernand's second message had been that his flanks were turned and his whole command was endangered. It was then that Col. Cruft's brigade was sent to his relief. But the Confederate billows still swept on. Fugitives from the fight scattered down the hill behind Wallace's division. A mounted officer galloped by. He had lost his head completely, and shouted to the general: "We are cut to pieces."

Then Lew Wallace took the responsibility of the order of battle upon his own shoulders. Instantly he ordered up his third brigade, Col. Thayer commanding, and threw it across between the broken troops and the advancing Confederates. Other regiments were behind as a reserve. He had barely got them in line when Pillow and Buckner, combined, swept down upon them. The brigade stood like a rock. Here was some of the most splendid fighting of the war.

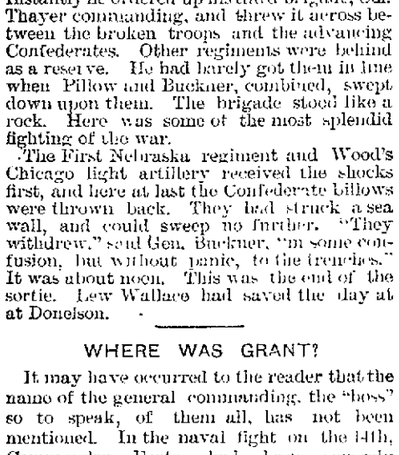
The First Nebraska regiment and Wood's Chicago light artillery received the shocks first, and here at last the Confederate billows were thrown back. They had struck a sea wall, and could sweep no further. "They withdrew," send Gen. Buckner, "in some confusion, but without panic, to the trenches." It was about noon. This was the end of the sortie. Lew Wallace had saved the day at at Donelson.

WHERE WAS GRANT?

It may have occurred to the reader that the name of the general commanding, the "boss" so to speak, of them all, has not been mentioned. In the naval fight on the 14th, Commander Foote had been severely wounded. He sent a message to Gen. Grant that as he, Foote, was severely wounded, the general might perhaps come and see him, and hold a council on board the flag-ship St. Louis. Grant did so, starting early on Saturday morning. After this consultation Foote started back to Cairo for mortar boats.

The fleet lay several miles down the river and Grant did not get back till about 1 o'clock. The sound of cannonading that pierced through the woods gave no idea of the seriousness of the situation.

The commander immediately rode from one point to another inspecting matters. His first thought, when he saw his battered battalions was to fall back on the defensive, and wait till Foote came back with a fleet and reenforcements. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he called M'Clernand and Wallace to-



COMMANDER FOOTE.

gether for counsel. It was held with all three generals on horseback. Grant seemed excited, and as nearly nervous as Grant could be. His face was very serious, almost overcast. He held a handful of dispatches and seemed in profound thought. All at once a light broke over the commander's face, and then all was serene again. Of this moment he told Gen. Sherman afterward:

"I saw that either side was ready to give up if the other showed a bold front, and I determined to do that very thing."

So the commander became strong and serene again, as usual. Instantly there was activity. Gen. C. F. Smith's forces on the right of the Federal line had not yet taken part in the fight. They were ordered up. Gen Smith himself, with long, gray hair, a color bearer by his side, rode along the front of his line, a striking, inspiring figure. He told his men he himself would lead them, and directed them when near enough to charge bayonet on the rifle pits. The signal was given, the column moved forward and was met by a roar of musketry from the rifle pits.

Col. Tuttle was in the lead with his Second Iowa regiment. The advancing line wavered a moment under the fire that mowed it down, then steadied and went irresistibly on. When within range of the Confederate muskets Col. Tuttle shouted to his men, "Forward!" Then they made the rattling bayonet charge. It drove the Confederates from their works and Smith's men occupied them. In the midst of cheers and shouts from the whole division the Stars and Stripes were planted upon the works of Fort Donelson. Thus it was all over with the Confederate right.

Over on the Federal right McClernand's division had been swept from the ground it occupied in the morning. Although Lew Wallace's men had checked the retreat there and stopped the sortie, yet the ground held by McClernand in the morning had not been retaken. Grant ordered Lew Wallace to retake it. As soon as Gen. Smith's division began to move, Wallace was to attack too. Thus the Confederates would be engaged on both right and left. Grant rode down the river to see that Smith was carrying out the order on his side; then he hurried up to the right to watch Wallace's men execute their command.

At noon it looked as if victory was perched on the Confederate standard. The Wynn's Ferry road, which had been occupied by McClernand, was open for the Confederate retreat. Buckner had accomplished what he had been ordered to do. The time just before Grant ordered the renewed attack in the afternoon had been the golden moment for escape. It was lost. Buckner had halted, waiting for his artillery and reserves to follow him out of the intrenchments. Pillow had telegraphed A. S. Johnston: "On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours."

All at once Gen. Pillow sent Buckner word to come back and take up his position within the works. He could only obey. As he fell back with his men he met Gen. Floyd. Floyd was surprised, and asked what he was about. He ordered Buckner to stay where he was till he, Floyd, could see Pillow. Thus there was more waiting. Finally Buckner, the fighting general, was ordered to cross to the extreme Confederate right and stop Gen. Smith, who was storming the works.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

Col. Roger W. Hanson, of the Second Confederate Kentucky, led the advance. But when they reached the right it was too late. The Federal forces were already in possession.

Hanson was a brave and accomplished Confederate officer. It is interesting to know that he and Buckner, both fighting men, deemed the surrender of Fort Donelson a necessity after that. Hanson says in his report:

"I will take the liberty to add that up to the time when we were ordered back to the trenches our success was complete and our escape secure.

"It is also my opinion that the exhaustion of the men from labor and loss of sleep, together with the demoralization caused by the loss of our trenches on the right, rendered the surrender unavoidable."

When night closed in Wallace too had done his work—regained the lost ground and cleared the hill. Just when that was done, and he was within a few hundred feet of the Confederate intrenchments, he received an order from Grant to halt and fall back. Wallace disobeyed the order. He felt sure the general did not know his movement had been successful. So he took his own head for it, and bivouacked on the field, just where he was, close to the Confederates, ready in the morning to be up and at them. But when morning came the sun's first rays shone upon a bugler, carrying a white flag from Buckner to Grant. Buckner's message proposed the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation. Grant's reply has become historic:

"No terms will be granted except an unconditional and immediate surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Buckner wrote back: "The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose."

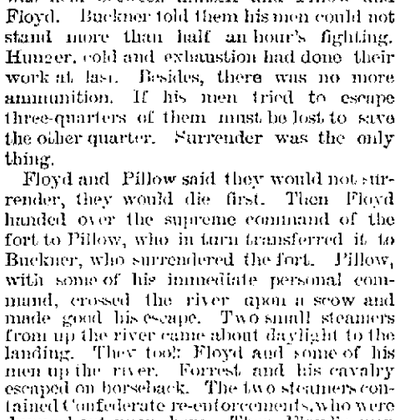
So on that Sunday morning, Feb. 16, 1862, the Confederate forces surrendered to Grant, and the story of Fort Donelson was told.

Buckner had good reason to be in an unpleasant frame of mind that morning. At midnight the night before a council of war was held between himself and Pillow and Floyd. Buckner told them his men could not stand more than half an hour's fighting. Hunger, cold and exhaustion had done their work at last. Besides, there was no more ammunition. If his men tried to escape three-quarters of them must be lost to save the other quarter. Surrender was the only thing.

Floyd and Pillow said they would not surrender, they would die first. Then Floyd handed over the supreme command of the fort to Pillow, who in turn transferred it to Buckner, who surrendered the fort. Pillow, with some of his immediate personal command, crossed the river upon a scow and made good his escape. Two small steamers from up the river came about daylight to the landing. They took Floyd and some of his men up the river. Forrest and his cavalry escaped on horseback. The two steamers contained Confederate re-enforcements, who were dumped out upon shore. Then Floyd's men boarded the boats. The conduct of himself and Pillow was regarded as unsoldierly, and was made the subject of a searching investigation from the Confederate government. In an official letter to the Confederate secretary of war, Pillow thought that, considering the sacrifices he had made for the Confederacy, and "the large and dependent family of grown up and unmarried daughters on his hands," he had been very shabbily treated.

Of the forces engaged in this great fight there were of Confederates, all told, something over 19,000; of Federals, 27,000. The best estimate of the Confederate killed and wounded makes them about 2,000. Of the Union forces the killed, wounded and missing aggregated 3,520.

The troops of Grant's army at Donelson were mostly western men, many of them from Illinois and Indiana. One remarkable fact in this fight is the number of men who afterward became distinguished that took part in it. Hundreds of men afterward famous both in military and civil life fought there on those fateful days.



"BURIED WHERE THEY FELL."

Immediately after the surrender Grant, McClernand and Wallace were made major generals. Grant's commission was dated Feb. 16, and he was immediately placed in charge of the military district of west Tennessee.

Numbers of soldiers were buried on the field where they fell. Some of their graves are still to be seen. But of the earthworks and lines of fortifications at Donelson there is scarcely a trace. Even so from the hearts of the contestants that day have faded out the traces of the lines which separated them. Years ago Buckner forgave Grant. When the northern commander was buried, a year and a half ago, prominent among the pall bearers, who walked with measured tread beside the honored dead, were to be seen the soldierly figure and strong, fine face of Gen. Buckner.

[In preparing the story of Donelson, materials have been gathered from many sources, but especially from official documents published by the United States government, from Judge Force's book, "From Henry to Corinth," Lossing's Civil War in America, old files of The New York Tribune and Harper's Pictorial History of the War. The illustrations are chiefly from Mr. Lossing's history.]

THE LEGEND OF CHATEAU D'OR.

By St. Malo on the sea,
Quaintest town in Brittany;
On a worn and sea-swept headland stands the crumbling Chateau d'Or,
Frowning from its dizzy height,
Over surging waters white,
And white sea birds shrilly calling round its towers evermore.

Tenantless, and cold, and gray
Are its stately halls to-day,
That once echoed with the footfalls of a woman wondrous fair;
And the gilded gate is rust,
And the turrets moldering dust,
Where she watched the white-sailed ships from her casement high in air.

There for years she lived in grace
In that solemn stony place,
Alone with weird wind voices and the waves for company;
And no fisher maid, they said,
Earned so hard her bitter bread
As this gentle, fair haired woman in her castle by the sea.

All her heritage had she sold,
Save these storm scarred towers old,
To ransom her betrothed who lay a captive in Algiers,
And her face grew wan and white
As she spun by day and night,—
The gold that bought his freedom had been sanctified with tears!

From her many towered home
Day by day she watched the foam,
And the waves that at the castle's gate knocked loud and ceaselessly;
And beyond the fishing town
Stood with gabled roofs of brown,
Like a fleet of battered ships enchanted on a yellow sea.

Wooers came to win her glance,
Heroes of the sword and lance,
Sturdy merchantmen from Rennes who laid their fortunes at her feet;
But she only gave them nay,
In her sad and gracious way,
And her face seemed pleading mercy, 'twas so piteously sweet.

So they left her sadly all
Standing by the gray sea wall,
With one hand upon the tawny deer hound crouching at her side,
And across the sands and sea
Her eyes wandered wistfully,
With the eager, longing look of a patient, waiting bride.

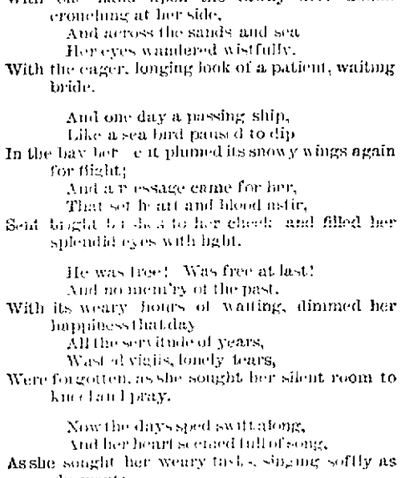
And one day a passing ship,
Like a sea bird paused to dip
In the bay her white plumed its snowy wings again for flight;
And a message came for her,
That set heart and blood astir,
Said bright hope to her cheek and filled her splendid eyes with light.

He was free! Was free at last!
And no memory of the past,
With its weary hours of waiting, dimmed her happiness that day
All the servitude of years,
Was of vigils, lonely fears,
Were forgotten, as she sought her silent room to kneel and pray.

Now the days sped swift along,
And her heart seemed full of song,
As she sought her weary tasks, singing softly as she went;
And the chateau grim and bare
Now seemed lovable and fair
As she waited for his coming with a trusting child's content.

So the winter passed away,
And the joyous holiday
Came, when maids and lovers offer prayers to good St. Valentine.
Through St. Malo by the sea
Passed a goodly company,
Armored knights and queenly women, gayly in the soft sunshine.

From her tower the chatelaine
Watched afar that courtly train,
And a sweet hope stirred her bosom and her heart beat loud and bold,
As she saw one stately knight,
Clothed in silver and sanite,
Foremost of that glittering group in broideries of gold.



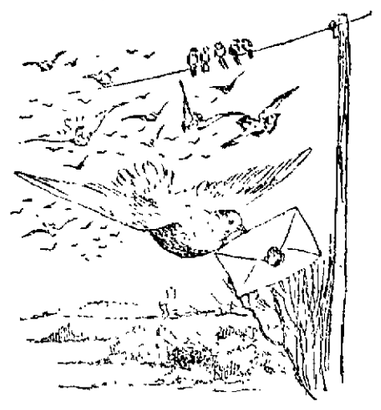
And as searchingly she gazed
On her lover's face, amazed,
She marked a snowy palfrey in gay trappings at his side.
Where a woman strangely fair,
With red blossoms in her hair,
Leaned laughing from her place in the garments of a bride.

Not a tear, a sob, a moan,
Still as saint in sculptured stone,
Wild eyed she watched the pageant pass in music out of sight,
While the twilight settled down
On the sleepy fishing town,
There the wan faced woman stood staring out upon the night.

So they found her, crouching white,
By her casement where the light
Of gray morning through the lattice softly fell in silver rain;
And they said that it was best
That the weary one found rest,
That the bridegroom Death had taken her in pity from her pain.

Sun scarred, ghastly in decay,
Stands the chateau on the bay,
And the fishers hear the an "ave" as they pass its somber gates;
And they say that every night
Of St. Valentine a light
Streams from out the highest casement, where a woman stands and waits.

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.



THAT VALENTINE.

One of the tenderest and strongest pastoral tragedies ever written is Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd," and the wheel of its people's destiny was turned by a valentine.

Many will remember the story, with its bright, beautiful, extraordinary heroine, and the three men whose fate was entangled with her—two good and faithful, one a faithless, feather headed rascal. Bathsheba Everdene, a girl as remarkable as her name, but moneyless, while visiting her aunt meets Gabriel Oak, a young farmer, who, with none of the usual preliminaries to such a step, asks her to marry him. She is rather flattered by the proposition; but after a short dialogue with her wooer she decides she will not marry him, because she doesn't love him. He tries to talk her out of her decision; but he has two qualities which insure him failure with Bathsheba, humility and a superfluous moiety of honesty. Gabriel Oak leaves her at last, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes forever. He says: "I shall do one thing in this life—one thing certain—that is, love you, and long for you, and keep wanting you till I die." And he was very much in earnest when he said it, for his voice had tears in it, and his big brown hands trembled a quarter of an inch each way; and when men choke and tremble in their love making women are impressed with the truth of their feeling if not of their promises.

A few days after Gabriel's unsuccessful wooing he learned that Bathsheba had gone to a place called Weatherbury, but he did not learn that she had inherited a magnificent farm from her uncle, and her purpose in going there was to live on it and take charge of it. A few days later a catastrophe overtook Gabriel. His dogs, a couple of earnest but wrong headed beasts, chased his sheep over a fence and down a chalk pit, killing them to the last ewe, and leaving him a ruined man financially. He was down lower than he had ever been, but the abasement brought exaltation and the loss gain. He had left him a dignified calm he had never before known, and an indifference to fate which, though it often makes a villain of a man, is the basis of his sublimity when it does not.

He started out afoot to find employment as a bailiff: failing that he offered himself as a shepherd, drifted to Weatherbury, playing his flute at fairs to further his travel, and at last found himself hired as shepherd by Bathsheba's bailiff, and suddenly face to face with Bathsheba herself, now developed into the supervising and cool woman of business.

GABRIEL'S WOOING.

As he was hunting a lodging on the same night that saw him engaged as shepherd, he passed the thin, motionless figure of a woman by the church yard wall. He gave her a cheery "good night," to which she responded the same words, in a low, sweet voice suggestive of romance—a voice common in description, but rare in experience. They prolonged the interview in a neighborly way, and she told that she was rather poor and requested him not to say anything about having seen her. He begged her to accept a shilling from him, and as he touched her hand in the darkness he fancied that he had felt himself in the penumbra of a very deep sadness.

That night pretty, fair haired Fanny Robin, Bathsheba's youngest serving maid, was missing at the farm house. The slim girl by the churchyard wall and the missing maid were one and the same, and her fate, too, was mixed up with that of the more prominent persons in this story.

Bathsheba, as the farmers said, was "such a shapely maid," that 'twas small wonder all eyes were upon her when she appeared at the market, and all sounded her praises. Being shapely as to face and figure, it is not surprising that she was also vain, and by virtue of her recent rise in life a little arrogant. Even the gods were guilty of these weaknesses after they had moved from Mount Olympus into the wide sky above it, according to the later poets.

Among her neighbors was a man of fine appearance and great dignity, who never looked at her. This was Mr. Boldwood, a gentleman farmer, who was described as a hopeless man for a woman; had been courted by sixes and sevens, all to no purpose. He was a bachelor of five and thirty, rich and handsome, but not at all susceptible. Bathsheba sat opposite him at church, met him in market, rode by him on the highway, without so much as winning from him an admiring glance. She felt injured.

While in this state of mind she brought home a valentine from the village one evening. It was a gorgeous, embossed affair, guiltless in appearance of its power as a fac-

Continued on third page.

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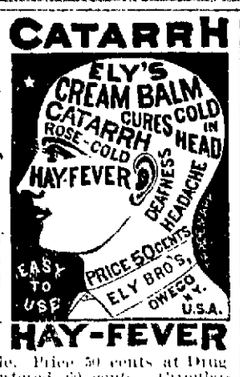
CATARRH


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THE ONLY TRUE
IRON TONIC
Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and restore the HEALTHY action of all of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Sufferers from complicated parentage will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get Original and Best.
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cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite, and
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Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Cures when all else fails. Gives new life and strength to the aged and infirm. $1 at Druggists.

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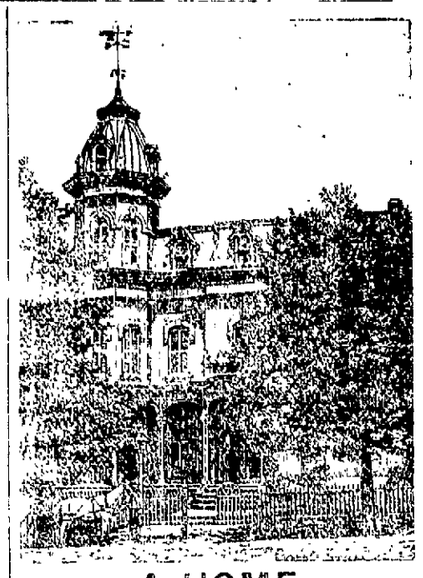

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$100 per month guaranteed Good Workers. Valuable outfit and Circulars sent on receipt of 25c in stamps to pay postage and packing. Write us and we will prove what we say.
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CHAPMAN

Mrs. Thomas Masters spent a few days in the Forest City the past week.

Granny Forrest visited her son, Angus Maxwell, at Sherrodsville, part of last week.

Work on the new brick works is progressing rapidly, under the management of Doctor H. A. Kittsmiller.

We see from a notice in last week's INDEPENDENT that an effort is being made to change the road so that the big hill at John Jacobs' farm will be struck off. This certainly should be done.

Some of our mines are only working half time at present, but it is hoped that after the conference at Columbus this week work will be resumed as usual. The conference settles the price of mining for six months, dating from May 1st. Heretofore it included one year.

Early Tuesday morning Newmans creek was rising rapidly, and Geo W. Phillips, with a corps of efficient men, was on the lookout for the water breaking into the mine. They were busily working on the old Sprankle farm when a cave occurred, operating like an earthquake. The earth gave way, and the creek poured into the old mine; the plugs were put in to keep the flow from the Clark mine, when a cave took place under the dam at the Youngstown mine, which made it appear as if everything was gone. The Blaine mine was not working, and the whistle brought many willing hands to assist them in their time of need. The men plunged into the creek, and with plank, straw and clay, fought the strong current like heroes. While considerable water flowed into the mine, it is now thought to be out of danger, as the creek has fallen about two feet. A picture would be the only proper way to illustrate the manner in which the men worked to save the mine, but as our artist was not present we will have to omit that part. Some of the miners got their tools out. Work will be resumed in a few days in part of the mine, the pumps now working in good order.

Canal Fulton has a shingle out which reads, "No Tramps Need Apply." This is drawing out some unfavorable remarks from some of the leading lights of that city on our township trustees which we think are unwarranted. Now, believing where public interests are at stake, and wherein a difference of opinion exists, that a home journal is the proper channel through which to express one's views, not that we desire any newspaper notoriety, we have this to say: The lines in this case are drawn between Fulton's council and the township trustees. Let us look at it for a moment. Heretofore it has been the custom for the tramps of Canal Fulton to be taken care of at the expense of the village and township combined. At a recent meeting of the council they passed a resolution to the effect that they would feed no more tramps, thereby throwing the entire expense on the township. At the following meeting of the trustees they also made it a law that they would feed no more tramps. Hence the comments. Fulton has had quite a run on what are termed "gentlemen tramps," and bills of seventy-five cents for supper, bed and breakfast have been paid by the trustees for these fellows, yet Fulton refuses to pay a cent toward the support of these tony chaps, whereas if a tramp sees fit to call this way we have to take care of him at our individual expense and are at their mercy more than if we were in an incorporated village; yet with all the advantage, Fulton calls on us to take care of our own tramps and then step in and take care of theirs. This is inconsistent, and we believe the trustees to be honest and sincere in their decisions. Now let Canal Fulton show up their side in a friendly manner and reason together, for we are open to conviction.

NAVARRE.

J. Bentz is pa again. This time he says it is a boy.

Navarre says she's ready to help twist the British lion's tail.

Lomady, agent for the Penn Liquor Company, of Massillon, was in town drumming up business on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ben. Frymire and daughter, of Paris, Ill., have returned to their home after a sojourn here of three weeks.

Mike, the "German Detective," is returning all persons violating the fish law, and fishers with nets are becoming scarce.

William Shively is out of jail and again at his post of duty. His bail bond was reduced from eight hundred to five hundred dollars, and ten business men of town signed his bond. Shively has numerous friends in Navarre, and they advise people hereafter to pay their honest debts before attempting to walk over William.

DALTON.

J. W. Baughman, of Wooster, was here on Monday.

Miss Lina McElhenie returned home from Wooster last Sunday.

F. E. Horbach left on Tuesday to visit Kansas and invest some money in a new town there.

Miss Lida Otis, of Uhrichsville, O., who has been visiting here for some time past, left for home to-day.

Tilden Welty's horse stepped in an old track last Saturday, breaking its left hind leg at the pastern joint. Dr. Deir, of Wooster, has the horse under charge.

On Monday J. M. Fiscus had a man arrested, giving his name as Frank Swartz, of Cincinnati. He had been around the Wheeling & Lake Erie depot, acting in a suspicious manner, and answered to the description of one of the men implicated in the Ravenna tragedy. He proved by a responsible farmer that he was at home on the night it happened, and was released.

ELTON.

Evan Evans spent several days last week with his parents.

Miss Annie Stahl has been visiting friends in Elton and Justus.

Mr. Riter McFarren expects to build a large and commodious house this summer.

The Misses Hollinger and Boecker were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Hall over Sunday.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the monthly missionary meeting was postponed two weeks.

The heavy rains of Monday and Tuesday have brought Sugar creek over the fields and the road between Elton and West Lebanon.

The brother of Christopher Conts, the boss of the Elm Run mine, has rented the farm of John McFarren. The present tenant will probably move back to his father's.

The present mail carrier's time will be out in July, and several Eltonians have applied for the position. The drive is a long one, from Maysville to Massillon and return making forty four miles. The offices on the route are Maysville, Mt. Eaton, West Lebanon, Elton, Pigeon Run, and Massillon.

BROOKFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brooks are both seriously ill.

There is some talk of establishing a Knight of Labor Assembly in this place.

Several teachers of this township attended the county examination last Saturday.

Several of our men have secured work at the new fire brick works north of town.

Both manufacturers of mining machines report trade brisk, with more orders than they can fill.

Fred Kresser wears a broad smile on his face in consequence of the arrival of a girl at his place.

Who will be the candidates for Justice of the Peace, is the question that is agitating the public mind at present.

The directors of our public schools have secured the services of Mr. L. L. Nave and Miss Cal Houriet as teachers for the summer school term.

The bad weather had its effect on our literary. The performances were not so good owing to poor attendance the last two nights. Womens Suffrage will be discussed the next night by Harvey Smith and H. F. Gaddis. A good time is expected.

RESCUING A PRISONER.

The Bloody Work of Four Daring Desperadoes on a Passenger Train.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 5.—Early Friday morning, as Captain of Police Hoehen and Detective Hulligan were returning on the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad from Pittsburg with one of the prisoners suspected of being implicated in the recent fur robbery in this city, they were assaulted, nearly killed and their man taken from them. It was noticed by some train men that four strangers boarded the express at Ravenna, Portage county, O. Shortly after the train started, a scuffle and several shots were heard in the front car.

Running in the brakemen found Capt. Hoehen lying on the floor with a bullet hole in his shoulder, another in his thigh and his head badly cut from blows inflicted by some blunt instrument. Hulligan was lying insensible, his head being literally smashed open. The two officers were brought to this city at 6 a. m. Capt. Hoehen was taken to the city hospital and Hulligan to his home. Superintendent of Police Schmitt immediately telegraphed to the sheriff of Portage county to spare no expense in efforts to capture the would-be-murderers.

The confusion was so great that little is known of the occurrence in detail. Hulligan remembered nothing from the time he was first struck until he regained consciousness. The prisoner had been cut loose from the detective, and with his rescuers escaped in the darkness when the train slowed up to the depot. Hulligan's condition is very critical. Capt. Hoehen says he is certain that he shot one of the party. The prisoner's name is said to be McMillan or McMunn. The affray took place in the smoking car.

One of the Brave Detectives Dies.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 9.—Detective Hulligan, one of the officers assaulted by the rescuers of the fur robber last Friday morning, died this morning from the effects of his injuries. Capt. Hoehen, the other officer assaulted, is steadily improving and his recovery is now considered probable. Nothing new has been learned with regard to the whereabouts of the robber and his pals. The officers who have been searching for them in the vicinity of Ravenna last night returned to Cleveland. It is not known what the next move will be.

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havanna trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by druggists.

AGRICULTURAL

A good fodder cutter will more than pay for its cost in a single winter season, and it should be kept in constant use.

Good blood in horses is every year more in demand, especially by city buyers. The farmer will find readiest sale for his best bred animals.

Reports from the Massachusetts experiment station go to show that potash fertilizers have decidedly improved the desirable qualities of fruits.

Rotation of crops is the surest plan in farming, and when one or two years of pasture are included in the rotation, the benefits will be still greater.

Professor S. A. Knapp observes, suggestively, that seven-eighths of the cattle food consumed in Iowa is used in a vain effort to warm up all outdoors.

Young lambs will begin to come in about the latter part of January, and the ewes should be well sheltered. It does not pay to have the lambs born in the fields. Give them plenty of warmth at first.

It is said when a horse strays off he is usually found wandering in the direction the wind is blowing, thus turning his back to the wind, but with sheep the contrary is the case, as sheep face the storm.

Sheep require careful watching, for if they get into trouble of any sort as getting down in gullies or fastened in between logs or fence rails, they become so frightened and discouraged they succumb and die.

Try cutting clover into short lengths, steeping it over night in hot water, and feeding to the hogs. It makes a cheap food but one of the best, not only assisting them in growth, but greatly promoting health.

Straw and wheat bran has been found almost equivalent to good hay in feeding value, by some farmers, and as bran is a cheap material, its combination with straw should produce a fair profit over cost if fed during the winter months.

The best records of animals have always been secured when good management was bestowed upon them. No matter how great the capacity of the animal may be, the conditions must be favorable for the greatest amount of work possible.

Professor Stewart makes the statement that no grain should be fed alone to cattle that are being fatted. When hay and grain are fed separate the benefit derived is not as great as when they are combined, as they are more easily digested when fed together.

It probably makes little difference in the consumption, but potatoes, even at present prices, and they are not very high, are much the dearest vegetable food that comes on the table. Wheat, flour and corn meal is cheaper, as there is little waste in preparing them. In fact, the price of wheat in some western markets is even less per bushel than the price of common potatoes.

The *Field and Farm* says: Many of our most experienced sheep raisers are turning their attention to wether flocks. The wethers of the same breed will clip more wool than the ewes, and they stand the winters better than the ewes and are quicker of sale. The winter death loss of wethers usually does not go above three per cent., while with the ewes it not unfrequently is three times larger.

Some of the most successful sheepmen feed their sheep nothing but clover hay all winter, and they raise fine lambs and early ones. When sheep go to the barn in good order in the fall they do not need any grain if fed plenty of clover hay. Not a forkful of clover need be wasted if fed in mangers, and the butts given to colts, or they may be cut in a machine and soaked and fed to the pigs mixed in their meal, or to the cattle mixed in their meal. In this way the clover will all be eaten and the meal turned to the best account.

An Indication of Prosperity.

At last Mr. L. L. Shertzer has moved his photograph gallery into the handsome rooms in the Warwick block, arranged for his own particular use. The reception room overlooks Erie street and is tastefully furnished, and as pleasant as one could wish. That mysterious apartment called the operating room is only a step or so from the reception room and is as complete as an ignorant reporter imagines it could be. The Star Gallery is certainly a model one, and its owner deserves success.

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

For thirty days we will sell at cost our entire stock of boots, shoes and rubbers. Come early and secure bargains.

J. D. FRANK & Co.

Where to get the finest plug and best smoking tobacco is often a puzzle to those addicted to the use of the weed. But it never puzzles the man who has ever purchased goods of Grass & Graf.

A. L. Watkins & Co. have decided to quit the dry goods business and have made some extraordinary low prices.

HOLD THEM TO IT.

So Says a Correspondent in Reference to the Water Contract.

No sooner are things ready for operation than people begin to cry about the grasping disposition of soulless corporations, and the Water Company has not been the subjet of an exception to this rule. But before we should complain too much about soulless corporations taking advantage of citizens, we should stop and consider the matter and determine who are to blame in the majority of cases where advantage is taken. We will find that in a vast majority of cases the persons who have dealings with such corporations are to blame. Instead of dealing with corporations upon business principles they surrender their rights voluntarily, and then complain because the company accepts what is given them gratuitously. Now, corporations are creatures of law, and subject only to legal obligations, and we cannot expect them to be subject to any moral obligations to return anything they have received gratuitously. Just so with the city, it being also a corporation, having power to levy taxes; should it levy an illegal tax and we voluntarily pay it, we cannot expect to recover it. The policy of the law is for all persons dealing with corporations, the mere creatures of law, to hold them strictly accountable to their legal obligations, and the law affords us greater remedies against them for breach of their obligations than it does against individuals. Now, applying these principles to our Water Company and its contract with the city, what are the duties of the city as a party to that contract and the citizens for whose benefit that contract was made? In the first place they should determine whether or not the company exceeded its powers in making any part of that contract, and if it did not exceed its powers and thus made a contract which it is legally bound to perform, then it is the duty of the city and every individual citizen contemplated in that contract to insist on a complete performance of all its terms.

Now, it seems that it was as proper, and within the scope of the company's authority to fix a basis upon which to determine the rate to be charged to citizens for water furnished as it was to fix a basis upon which to charge the city for additional plugs which it may order. Without any contract on the subject, every person will concede that a private corporation has the same right to demand and receive such compensation for its products as it deems fit, but when it, by contract, agrees to furnish a certain article, and the contract is based upon sufficient consideration, and the price of the article is to be determined by a certain method, or rather tribunal, independent of the company, then in such a case the company have exhausted their power in fixing the price, and the basis established by the contract must determine the price, and not any act of the company. We do not insist upon any unreasonable construction of the contract, but a fair and reasonable construction of the contract with the city can lead us to no other conclusion; and the power to fix the price of water privileges for citizens has been surrendered by the company the Council, and any five other cities in the State having as near as possible the same population as Massillon and a similar plant and system of water works; and by the contract when that price is once fixed by the average of those five cities, being determined according to the terms of the contract, it remains so until some one of those five cities changes the price, so as to change the average, and the Council can fix the price accordingly and not the company, thus showing that when the contract was entered into the company contemplated the fact that it would not control the price to citizens. The company knew when that contract was made that no city was operating waterworks at a loss, and the average of other cities operated at a profit must certainly yield a profit to them. Therefore, it is the duty of the Council, first, as a party to that contract, to see that its terms are strictly adhered to by the Company before the works are formally accepted; and in the next place, it is the duty of every citizen who deals with the company to insist upon his legal rights under the contract, and if that is done on all sides there will be no danger of any complaints being made of the water company taking advantage of the citizens. Furthermore, the Council should insist upon every test provided for in the contract before any part of the works are accepted. The water must be filtered, as therein provided, and all fountains and drinking places for animals should be furnished and in perfect order, without trusting to the company doing anything after the same is once accepted by the city.

FAIR PLAY.

He Wants It Examined.

Early in the fall, at the suggestion of a member of the City Council, a petition was presented to that body, requesting that a committee of experts be appointed to view the grounds, and the plans of the embankments of the reservoir of the new Massillon Water Company then in process of construction, and to give an opinion as to the safety of said embankments, in view of the risks involved.

The petition, by a unanimous vote of the Council was referred to its appropriate committee. Why has that committee never reported on it?

It is a maxim among engineers that a construction upon whose permanance the safety of life and property are dependent, should not only be made perfectly safe and strong, but that it also should have the appearance of safety. When the reservoir is full and running over, as during the recent high water, let any one of common sense examine the embankments on both sides of the spill, and ask himself if they come up to the required standard for safety.

A CITIZEN.

Having been troubled with a very bad cough for about two years and having tried almost every cough mixture that was ever made, I have found none that has given me such great relief as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and I earnestly recommend it to all afflicted. Benj. F. Duggan, 14 Park Pl., N. Y.

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City Telephone 28.

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Bank Telephone 60.

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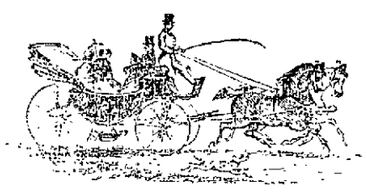

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My aim is to give satisfaction and fair prices.

MARKET REVIEW.

Latest Quotations From Cincinnati and Elsewhere for February 9.

FLOUR—Fancy, $3.90@4.25; family, $3.40@3.55.
WHEAT—No. 3 red, 80@82c; No. 2, 83@84c.
CORN—No. 3 mixed, 34@35c; No. 2, mixed, 38@39c.
OATS—No. 3 mixed, 28@29c; No. 2 mixed, 29@30c; No. 3 white, 31@33c.
PORK—Family, $13.00@13.25; regular, $13.37½@13.75.
LARD—Kettle, 7@7½c.
BACON—Short, clear sides, 7¾@7½c.
CHEESE—Prime to choice Ohio, 12@12½c; New York, 13@14c.
POULTRY—Common chickens, $2.00@2.25 per dozen; fair to prime, $2.50@2.75; choice, $3.00@3.50; ducks, $2.25@3.00; live turkeys, 7@8c.
WOOL—Unwashed medium clothing, 25@26c; fine merino, 20@21c; common, 15@16c; fleece-washed medium clothing, 31@32c; combing, 29@31c; fine merino, X and XX, 28@30c; burr and cotts, 16@18c; tub washed, 31@33c; pulled, 27@30c.
HAY—No. 1 timothy, $10.50@11.00; No. 2, $9.00@10.00; mixed, $9.00; prairie, $7.00@7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, $5.00@6.00.
CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $4.00@4.70; fair, $3.00@3.75; common, $2.00@2.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@4.00; yearlings and calves, $3.00@3.75.
HOGS—Select butchers, $5.20@5.45; fair to good packing, $4.90@5.20; fair to good light, $4.70@4.95; common, $4.25@4.65; culls, $3.60@4.20.
SHEEP—Common to fair, $2.75@3.50; good to choice, $3.75@4.50; common to fair lambs, $3.75@4.50; good to choice, $4.75@5.00.

New York.

WHEAT—No. 1 state red, 95½c; No. 2 red winter, March, 92c; May, 92c.
CORN—Mixed, cash, 48½c; March, 48¾c.
OATS—No. 1 white state, 40½c; No. 2, 38c.
CATTLE—$4.20@5.30 per 100 lbs. live weight.
HOGS—$5.50@5.60 per 100 lbs.
SHEEP—$4.20@5.50 per 100 lbs. live weight.
COTTON—Quiet; middling uplands, 9½c; do New Orleans, 9 11-16c; February, 9.38c; March, 9.39c; April, 9.48c; May, 9.55c; June, 9.62c; July, 9.69c; August, 9.76c; September, 9.87c.

Pittsburg.

CATTLE—Active and prices unchanged; receipts, 95 head; shipments, 38; prime, $4.75@5.00; fair to good, $4.25@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00.
HOGS—Firm; receipts, 3,100 head; shipments, 500 head; Philadelphias, $5.20@5.35; Yorkers, $5.60@5.70; common to light, $1.80@5.05; pigs, $4.85@5.00.
SHEEP—Fair; prime, $4.75@4.75; fair to good, $4.00@4.65; common, $2.50@3.50; lambs, $4.00@6.00; receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 5,600 head.

Chicago.

CATTLE—Choice to extra shipping, $3.45@5.05; mixed, $2.60@3.80; stockers and feeders, $2.50@3.8 ; Texans, corn-fed, $2.25@3.35.
HOGS—Fair to good, $4.75@5.10; mixed packing, $4.85@5.10; choice heavy, $5.15@5.45.
SHEEP—Common, $2.50@4.80; lambs, $4.00@5.50.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Dull; cash, 83½c; May, 87⅛c.
CORN—Steady; cash, 38½c; May 41⅜c.
OATS—Neglected; cash, 30c.

MASSILLON.

Wheat, per bushel	... to 80
Oats	... to 30
Corn	37 to 40
Barley	65 to 70
Hay, per ton	10
Eggs, per doz	20
Chickens per lb	8
Butter	18
Potatoes	30 to 35
Family flour, per sack	1.05 to 1.10

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 3-48t-o-p-nr-t-c-or-imf

Big bargains in boots and shoes at J. D. Frank & Co.'s cost sale.

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—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

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I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to

GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

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**Parlor Suits,
Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Bureaus,
Tables,
Lounges
SPRING BEDS,
Hair,
Husk and
Sea Grass
Mattresses
and the original
Woven Wire Mattress**

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

JOHN H. OGDEN.

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Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of

**Fine Business Property,
Well Located Residence Property,
And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.**

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

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